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RITA MARTIN.

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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POOR LAW REFORM.

ON April 8th a discussion took place in the House of Commons which showed that assembly in its very best aspect. For once party quibbling was laid aside, and there was none of that sparring and stabbing that has come to be a characteristic of our party government. The subject was of importance, although the Bill before the House is scarcely in need of serious description. It was a measure ostensibly intended to prevent de-titution, one of those amiable and philanthropic proposals in which the private Member delights. The Bill naturally was talked out, and very little was heard of it in the course of the discussion. On the other hand, it soon became evident that the reform of the Poor Law was a matter in which all the leading Members of the House took the liveliest interest, and one that they are prepared to discuss to practical purposes and without the usual spirit of partisanship. It has very seldom happened in the course of the present Parliament that Mr. Asquith has been able to agree entirely with a long speech made by Mr. Balfour; and Mr. Balfour is in the position to say the same thing about Mr. Asquith. But on this occasion the Leader of the Opposition and the Premier were absolutely at one. They recognised in the frankest manner that the present

Poor Law is insufficient for the purpose for which it is intended, and that its reform is more pressing than almost any other question of the day. Moreover, they took every possible pains to avoid creating faction. And this was no easy matter; for already those who agree with the Majority Report are getting into opposition with those who drew up the Minority Report; and unless a considerable amount of tact is used, the country will be puzzled and perplexed by having placed before it two alternative proposals, each of which will run the risk of mutilation at the hands of its opponents. But Mr. Balfour pointed out that if the two Reports were taken together they agree on a good many points, which therefore are ready for legislative effort. For example, nobody, as far as we know, wishes to retain the workhouse in its present form. This is an institution universally condemned. It is repugnant to all modern ideas that the destitute should be all huddled together in one place; those who are young and only guilty of an indiscretion placed side by side with those who have grown old in vice. The unfortunate and the evil-doer are placed side by side as matters now stand, and even the sexes are not properly separated.

Anyone in the habit of looking over the provincial papers is aware that one of the commonest paragraphs to be found in them is that about "a scandal in the workhouse." It is as if a universal remedy or cure-all were to be applied to every possible variety of destitution. Even the sane and insane are mixed together. The discussion in the House of Commons undoubtedly reflected the opinion of the country that this state of things ought not to be allowed to continue. Already philanthropists are at work trying to provide a means for dealing with the feeble-minded; but this is only one small part of the problem, and we are not sure that it should be left to private charity. One of the principal objects to be aimed at is that the feeble-minded should not become fathers and mothers, and so perpetuate the disease in their blood. But at present we have no protection whatever from all this. The feeble-minded form a very large proportion of the inmates of the workhouse, and their history, as it is known to those of us who are or have been much in contact with the rural classes, is generally simple in the extreme. They come into the world with a deficiency that very often interferes but little with their power of earning a livelihood, at any rate as long as they are young. But sometimes they are not able to do even this, and lads of from sixteen to twenty-five loaf about the village until their natural protectors die or disappear, and when they are no longer able to take care of themselves they are placed in the workhouse; but before that occurs they have generally done all the mischief of which they are capable.

Again, it often happens that a labourer or a labourer's wife who has insanity in the blood develops it at intervals. In this case, when the disease is temporary, the patient only goes to the workhouse while it lasts, and comes out again when the fit is past. This is only an example. The principle upon which all parties to-day seem to be agreed is that the workhouse should not be used as a general receptacle for all kinds of decayed humanity, but that each particular case should be placed in the most suitable position. Young children, for instance, can be sent out to board, according to the method successfully pursued by Mrs. Close. The proper place for those of feeble mind is an asylum, such as that which is being established in Kent. For in order to get this kind of weakness out of the race we must proceed by what Professor Pearson calls "selection by death." Ordinary humanity dictates that the ailing and feeble-witted should receive all possible attention while they are alive, but that effective measures should be taken to prevent them from perpetuating their inherent weakness. Again, it is tolerably well agreed that for necessitous old people the workhouse is no fit place, and this part of the problem must be studied carefully in connection with the Old Age Pension Scheme. A difficulty sure to arise is that many of those ancients have no home or place of abode, and not every relative would undertake the care of a decrepit and possibly diseased old man or woman for the sake of what they could get out of the five shillings a week which they may receive as Old Age Pension. There cannot be much margin after the simplest maintenance is paid for out of that small amount.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Dudley, youngest daughter of Charles Henry Gurney, Esq., of Keswick.

*. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



A HEARTY vote of thanks is due to the anonymous philanthropist who has generously provided the sum of two hundred thousand pounds for the purpose of carrying out a dental experiment of national importance. Apparently he has been impressed with the fact, as many of us are, that the classes who cannot afford to employ high-class dentists are, to a large extent, made miserable by trouble with their teeth. Medical inspection of schools has revealed the fact that the majority of boys and girls of the working-classes suffer, and many of them at an extremely early age, from decayed teeth. The general practice is to allow the little people to undergo the pangs of toothache with such slight ameliorations as are prescribed by tradition. In the end, when it becomes unbearable, the tooth is ruthlessly torn out, and so in the cottages it is common to see young women of twenty-two or twenty-three with very few teeth in their mouths. And the statistics of recruiting show that the case of the men is very little better. Further, these classes have not been taught to cleanse and take care of their teeth, so that it is no wonder that the people still re-echo the vigorous opinion of Robert Burns that toothache is "the hell o' a' diseases."

Pains have been taken to ensure that the scheme does not become a mere charitable institution. It is not intended to meet the requirements of the very poor, whose dental troubles can be treated gratuitously at the hospitals; but high-class dentistry is an expensive luxury, and the proposal, as we understand it, is that centres shall be formed at which dentists, paid by salary, shall attend and perform the necessary operations at fixed and reasonable rates to be determined by the controlling body, whatever that may be. In this way it is believed that the capital will only be required to set the movement going, and at no distant future will yield a revenue that will not only allow the founder to receive a reasonable rate of interest from the funds, but permit of the gradual repayment of the capital. At present the idea is to form the chief centres in the towns and their suburbs; but if the scheme works well there is every reason why it should be extended to the rural districts. Country children suffer with their teeth as much as, if not more than, those born and bred in towns.

Not very many men are able to take part in a point-to-point race at the age of seventy, as was the case with Mr. Tomkinson, M.P., who met with a fatal accident last Saturday. It was a misfortune that might have occurred to a boy of seventeen just as easily as it did to the veteran of seventy. By it the country has lost a man belonging to a type now nearly extinct. The late Member for the Crewe Division of Cheshire was a stalwart, breezy country gentleman, fond of the open air, used to all kinds of manly outdoor sports. He was a Liberal in politics. He did not enter the House of Commons until he was over sixty years of age, but he showed himself a very useful addition to it. Having no imposing rhetorical gifts, he never spoke unless on a subject which he had specially studied, such as afforestation, small holdings and on country topics. His contributions to debates on subjects such as these were always welcome and valuable.

The bonds of party are not drawn so tightly in this country that we cannot all join in congratulating Lord Rosebery on the maiden speech made by his son, Mr. Neil Primrose, in

Parliament the other night. The young Member for Wisbech made a most favourable impression on all who heard him, and, indeed, it would be a very callous individual who failed to welcome the appearance on the political stage of one whose youth and ability were accompanied by a modesty that well befitted his years. Mr. Primrose in his attitudes, and even in a certain silvery quality belonging to his voice, showed that in one case, at any rate, the hereditary principle has worked to admiration, for his tones and gestures reminded all who heard him of his distinguished father. His opinions, too, must be accounted moderate alike by those who differ from them and those on his own side. There should be a distinguished career in front of this young politician.

In Sir Robert Giffen has passed away the greatest statistician of our times. He died in Scotland on Tuesday afternoon. Sir Robert made his own career. He began life as a clerk in a solicitor's office in the year 1850, but after five years he drifted into journalism. He was sub-editor of the *Globe*, but found his true vocation when he was appointed assistant-editor of the *Economist* in 1868. There his head for figures soon won for him a great distinction. The Government of the day recognised the fact, and in 1876 he was made Chief of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. Afterwards he was Comptroller-General of the Commercial, Labour and Statistical Department. In his time he held the office of President of the Statistical Society; but it would be idle to enumerate all the distinctions that were heaped upon him. For many years he was considered the chief authority in Great Britain upon all questions that may be described as coming into the statistics of finance. Latterly, however, his health was feeble and he made few public appearances, though a characteristic letter from his hand appeared just before the last General Election.

BY THE WATER.

So to the mill we roamed, and passing by
Across the fen, came to the water's side;
There stood awhile, and marked how summer's pride
Had decked the hawthorns white against the sky
As sails show white, that tossing in a bay
Stand out against the blue.
Ah, on that day
We drank deep draughts of summer, sinking through
Down to our very souls; and at our feet
A golden king-cup craned its tiny stalk
To see itself reflected pure and sweet
In the waters' flow.
There, then ungathered let it grow
Still bearing memories of that whispered talk
And burning words that sprang from lip to lip.
There may it sip
Of the dews of eventide, while passion's heart
Lies stored and garnered in its golden cup,
Sacred, apart;
Till on some unknown morrow
A fiercer sun shall scorch and wither up
The only witness of our parting sorrow.

E. S. G.

The most important point in the Report of the Committee appointed to enquire into the use of anaesthetics is that there is no legal reason why anybody in the world should not employ these very dangerous agencies. Undoubtedly many deaths have occurred through their use by quacks and charlatans, who have merely a rudimentary understanding of the forces they have endeavoured to employ. The recommendations of the Committee are sensible in the extreme. They are that no one should be allowed to apply an anaesthetic without being licensed to do so, and that even when they are employed by a qualified medical man the presence of two doctors should be necessary, one to administer the anaesthetic and look for signs of that heart failure which is so much to be dreaded on such occasions, and the other to perform the operation. In view of the large number of deaths that have been recorded under anaesthetics during the last few years, it can scarcely be denied that these recommendations were inevitable. When Sir James Simpson applied chloroform for the purpose of avoiding pain, he conferred a great blessing on his fellow-men; but it is a blessing that they will be slow to use if they realise the dangers that have been revealed during the last few years.

Last Monday the House of Commons very properly declined to allow an open space—the only open space—in Jernyn Street to be built over. West of the church of St. James's, Piccadilly, is its disused burial-ground, and that part of it which abuts on Jernyn Street is set with fine plane trees which form a charming composition with the church. Such a break in the straight façade and level sky-line of an important yet narrow street is a valuable asset to London and should certainly be preserved. Indeed, it is disappointing that the authorities of the church should aim at its

destruction. They have the occasional use of the Vestry Hall, which occupies the site north-west of the church; but they dislike this joint occupancy and wish to build a mission hall on the churchyard site. In the abstract this may be a very laudable scheme. But when, in practice, it means the removal of the fine trees, the destruction of the picturesque grouping and the filling up of the open space, the general loss to London far outweighs the added convenience to the parish clergy.

We still possess a large number of ancient and historic bridges, but some have been leading an uncertain and threatened existence. Every now and then we hear of county councils condemning some example within their area as unsafe for modern traffic and proposing to remove it. It is pleasant, however, to notice a growing feeling against such destruction, and the adoption of improved means of ensuring their continuance and safety. Canon Rawnsley has been instrumental in saving more than one in the Lake Country, the cement-grouting machine, which has been so valuable an instrument in the strengthening of Winchester Cathedral, having been brought into requisition for this purpose. The Auld Brig of Ayr, immortalised by Burns, was in the list of the condemned four or five years ago. It was to have been entirely rebuilt, and would thus have lost both its architectural and its literary interest. Fortunately a loud outcry was made, and the engineering profession turned their attention to the problem. It has been most satisfactorily solved, and now that the work is complete the only complaint seems to be that "there is nothing to show" for the eleven thousand pounds which have been spent upon the work during the last three years. Such a complaint is really praise of the very highest kind. It means that the bridge fully retains its previous aspect, and that even the broken-backed south arch retains its well-known contour. The Town Council and the engineers are to be heartily congratulated on the admirable spirit and true science they have displayed. May this precedent be copied by every other public body.

The significance of an announcement made at Easter, which affects the ancient buildings of this country, has been rather overlooked. Mr. C. R. Peers, secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, has been appointed Inspector of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings. This post was first held by the late General Pitt-Rivers, but on his death no antiquary of equal eminence succeeded him, and the appointment of Mr. Peers may, therefore, be regarded practically as a revival of this very important office. He has the care of the ancient earthworks and buildings which are under the control of His Majesty's Office of Works, and it is satisfactory to realise that any repairs which may be necessary will be so ably directed. Richmond Castle, Yorkshire, will be among the important buildings the safety of which Mr. Peers will watch. It is to be hoped that other owners of historic buildings, which can no longer be put to beneficial use and produce no income that can be set apart for their maintenance, will consider their transfer to the Government. We may note another fact of importance to those interested in the history of the buildings of England. The issue of the "Victoria County Histories of England" has been for some time suspended, but is now to be taken in hand vigorously. It would have been a grievous pity had a work of such national importance been abandoned.

The proposal for a "Normal Calendar," which will be laid before the London Congress of Chambers of Commerce in June, deserves a great deal more attention than is likely to be given to it. Its author, Dr. Hesse-Wartegg, is not a crack-brained professor who wishes to force his perverse ideas upon an unwilling civilisation. He is a man who has obtained European reputation by his advocacy of the principle of "zone time," which is now in use in several European States. That a reformed calendar is greatly needed is admitted by all who are acquainted with the inconvenience and loss of time that the present system brings with it. Dr. Hesse-Wartegg proposes that the normal month shall have thirty days, but the last month in each quarter, thirty-one. The day "over," which will be necessary to make up the three hundred and sixty-five, will be New Year's Day—a day to be altogether outside the month, much in the same way as the "Antipodes Day" encountered by those who cross the Pacific from West to East. If this new calendar is started in 1911 or 1918, New Year's Day will have the further advantage of falling upon a Sunday, and the following day, January 1st, will be a Monday. The three other quarters will also begin on Monday and end on Sunday. Once in four years a "Leap Year Day" will be inserted in the middle of the year.

A great feature in these proposals is that the date of Easter may be definitely fixed. The arbitrary method in use at present was invented by the Council of Nicaea in the year 325; to determine the date of Easter Day, an elaborate piece of calculation has to be performed, which only justifies its existence by having distracted the attention of dutiful generations, who

have suffered from the misplaced eloquence of reverend but painful preachers. Dr. Hesse-Wartegg suggests that April 7th shall be fixed as the date of Easter Day, and if his other proposals are adopted, this date will always be a Sunday. It is out of the question that the revised calendar will come into operation as early as January 1st, 1911. But by 1918, after having the proposal before us for eight years, we may perhaps be ready for the change. Dr. Hesse-Wartegg's calendar has many advantages over the suggestions of Comte and others, whose "Positivist" and "Rational" almanacs divided the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days, though his scheme is, perhaps, scarcely so symmetrical. Is it too much to hope that by 1918 we may have steered our hearts to what at first seems only to be an unnecessary attempt to fix the movable Festivals of the Church?

It is very satisfactory that in all the dry weather, with keen easterly breezes, which has prevailed for some weeks we have heard considerably less than in some former years of those fires on heaths and commons which there is too much reason to fear have, in many cases, been started of malicious purpose. The opportunity, in the drying winds, has not been lacking, and we may hope that a better feeling on the part of the people and, perhaps, a greater vigilance on the part of the police have been responsible for the decrease of this wanton arson and destruction of wild beauty. We must all be in sympathy with the sentiment, and must appreciate its happy expression, of one of the spokesmen of the Committee for the Preservation of Hampstead Heath, saying that they did not want to see the Heath "parkified." The natural beauties are what we all wish to see preserved; but if they are wantonly destroyed by the evil-doer, there seems no alternative but to reduce them to a park-like condition which gives no fuel for the incendiary.

AT WATERLOO.

Great peace is over Hougomont,
And over La Haie Sainte is peace,
The level lands are ploughed and rich
With promise of increase;
The sleepy cattle graze along
Beneath the scarred historic walls,
And here where nations spent their blood,
The flush of sunset falls.

No pride nor pity touches me
Nor hatred's fire and ancient stings,
Only a sense of strifes outworn,
And strange ironic things.
And stirrings of some broken strain
Of sounding hoofs and answering guns,
And faith that Europe now as then
Can breed heroic sons.

No word of moral yes or no
Be spoken as we see again
The tragic shaping of the world,
The carnival of pain;
A blossomed calm is on the ways
Where desolation set her throne,
And life has gathered in from death
A glory not her own.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

A cat forty inches long and weighing over sixteen pounds is a fine animal, and such an one has been caught this spring in Glenmoriston. It is not, however, a domestic cat, but a wild one, and the second largest, as is said (but it is very certain that every death of a wild cat and its weight and measurements have not been recorded), known within the last ten years. This is worthy of note, but not at all for the reason which seems to make it noteworthy to some people, as evidence that the wild cat still exists in Scotland. Its interest is in the fine size of this particular specimen. The wild cats not only keep up their numbers, but are said to be increasing, and even to be extending their range eastward in some of the deer-forest country of Scotland. At the same time and place as this big male, his consort, a younger and smaller female, was taken also. The delusion that the wild cat is extinct seems to die as hard as the fierce creature itself.

Speaking generally, the spring salmon angling has been very much better than the last few years have taught us to expect. The Tay has fished exceptionally well, and this, no doubt, is to be attributed in part to the admirable management of the river since the netting has come under the control of the syndicate. It is also, however, evidence of the value of a loch as the source of the river's supply in helping it to keep its waters to a good height after a winter of useful rainfall. In this respect, and, indeed, in both these respects, we may see a great and instructive contrast to the Tay in the condition of our Border river, the

Tweed. Little or nothing has been done to check the excessive netting which has been the ruin of the angling on that beautiful river in all except the last two months of the season; and after running in high flood at the opening of the fishing this year, it went down again directly very low and clear. This rapid depleting of the water is probably beyond human control now, but the netting is not so. The Tay is far from the only

river to give a useful object-lesson in this regard. The Dee is as striking a witness to the effect on the fishing value of the river of taking off the nets. The rental is enormously increased. The English Wye, the Helmsdale, the Naver, more recently the Spey, and many more might be cited. It is sad, while rivers generally, both in the United Kingdom and in Ireland, have done so well, to find the glorious Tweed a melancholy exception.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION TO THE SNOW MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

II.—THE PEOPLE OF NEW GUINEA AND ITS FAUNA AND FLORA.

THE people inhabiting the great island of New Guinea, described in our former article (see COUNTRY LIFE, March 26th), are known as the Papuans, a race which is found in its purest and most typical form in the north-western portion of the island, but which spreads west to the island of Flores and eastwards to the Fiji Islands. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Europeans first discovered New Guinea, its inhabitants have been known by the above name, which is said to be derived from the Malayan *papuwa* or *puwah-puwah*, meaning "woolly-haired." Professor Keane says the Papuan is "one of the most strikingly distinct types of mankind," and though the natives in Southern and Eastern New Guinea differ widely not only from the type, but also among themselves in many ways, the typical individual exhibits such marked characteristics, both mentally and physically, that he forms an extraordinary contrast with the Malays on the one hand and with the Australians and brown Polynesians on the other. Like all others, the natives of New Guinea have, no doubt, intermingled with these surrounding peoples, and Malays have settled in some parts of the island and Australians and Polynesians in others.

The typical Papuan is taller than the average European and strongly built (see illustration), with large hands and feet, but his legs are thin and weak, and he is usually "spur-heeled." The colour of the skin varies in tint from deep chocolate to nearly black. The most important characteristic of the face is the nose, which is large and prominent, and through the septum is thrust a nose-bar, usually made of shell, bone or wood. The hair, which is frizzly, dry and stiff, is usually worn in an enormous mop, to the training of which much time and attention is devoted. Sometimes it is arranged in tassels round the head, and various other fashions are occasionally adopted. It is frequently decorated, especially on festal occasions, with the brightly-coloured flowers of the Hibiscus



EXAMPLES OF MEN OF PAPUAN RACE.

and with plumes of Birds of Paradise, and, among the purer race, one of the most characteristic decorations is a long comb made of split bamboo and ornamented with feathers of parrots, etc., which projects above the forehead for a foot or more. Necklaces of shells, teeth and bones, as well as bracelets, armlets and anklets, are much worn; also arm-bands of grass, which serve as pockets, in which small articles can be tucked away. The breast and

arms are often decorated with raised scars, and the face and body are frequently painted with red, yellow, white and black. Unlike the Malay, the Papuan is described as impulsive and demonstrative in speech, his nature is joyous and open, his emotions and passions finding expression in cries, laughter and boisterous gestures. Both men and women in parts of the northern coast go about entirely naked, but usually the former wear a small breech-cloth of bark and the latter a short petticoat of woven grass. Their houses are generally built on piles, and, as in Borneo, are often communal and of very large size, many families occupying one building, which may vary in length from five hundred to seven hundred feet (see illustration). There are also club-houses, where gatherings take place on festal occasions. The remarkable houses built in high trees and known as "dobbos" seem to be peculiar to British New Guinea, and are, apparently, chiefly used in time of danger.

The natives of Papua are, as a rule, indifferent seamen, and as a race may be described as agriculturists, their chief crops being sweet potatoes, yams, bananas and sugar-cane. Their domestic animals are pigs, dogs and fowls, all of which are eaten, as well as various



TYPICAL NEW GUINEA HOUSES.



SUPERB BIRD OF PARADISE (*Lophorina superba*).

Velvety black; crown and pectoral shield rich metallic green, with purple reflexions.

wild animals, reptiles, fish, molluscs and insects. Cannibalism, though not universal, prevails in a great many districts. The native girls make great pets of the young pigs, and, like "Alice in Wonderland," may be seen carrying them about in their arms and caressing them! The bow and arrow and the club are the weapons most commonly used, while spears, tipped with hardened bamboo or bone, and knives and axes made of jade, are met with and highly prized by collectors of ethnological objects. As a people their artistic skill is very considerable. This is shown in their wooden images, designed as earthly habitations for the ghosts of the departed, likewise in the carved head-rests and figure-heads of praus, which are generally executed without iron tools.

Their religion consists mainly of spirit-worship, and their feasts, which are held on such occasions as marriages and burials, are celebrated with singing and dancing. Chiefs are unknown, each small community of people living, as it has always lived, in a state of perpetual warfare with its neighbours, and each having a different dialect, facts which have rendered European administration extremely difficult.

Though at the present time our knowledge of the zoology of New Guinea is still very incomplete, it is much greater than that of its botany. Many of the animals to be met with in the adjacent islands and in Northern Australia have, no doubt, sprung from stock originally derived from New Guinea. Contrary to what has been generally stated, the mammalian Fauna is unusually rich and includes about one hundred and forty known species, a

list not exceeded in any country of its size in the world. Of these eighty-four are placental mammals, fifty marsupials and four monotremes. To the first mentioned, which may be described as ordinary animals without pouches for carrying their young, belong two species of pig which, though very different now from the typical pigs, are, no doubt, descended from stock which has been introduced into the island at some remote period. No less than thirty-nine species of bats are known and forty-three rodents, including four beautiful species of water-rats and



LESSER BIRD OF PARADISE (*Paradisea minor*).

Throat green; crown orange yellow; breast, wings and tail, dull chestnut; long flank-feathers yellow, becoming white towards the extremity.

various huge tree-rats, some of which are nearly three feet long from the snout to the tip of the tail. The marsupials, or pouched animals, include two species of kangaroos (*Macropus*); seven species of dorcakangaroos (*Dorcopsis*); and six species of the

remarkable tree-kangaroos (*Dendrolagus*), the most handsome species of which was recently discovered by Mr. Walter Goodfellow (the leader of the present expedition) during his travels in British New Guinea. Other marsupials found there are the dasyures, allied to the "native cats" of Australia, which play the part of carnivores; pouched-mice (*Phascogale*), smaller arboreal animals of insectivorous habits; bandicoots (*Perameles*), which are mostly fossorial and construct rabbit-like burrows; cuscuses (*Phalanger* and



CRESTED AGAMA (*Gonycephalus dilophus*).

A New Guinea representative of this remarkable group of lizards.

Dactylopsila), commonly known as "opossums" in Australia; flying-phalangers (Petaurus), which have a broad parachute-like expansion of the skin of the flanks; dormouse-phalangers (Dromicia); and the feather-tailed phalanger (Distachurus pennatus), one of the rarest animals found in New Guinea. Illustrations of Dendrolagus, Dactylopsila and Distachurus will be found in our first article, published in COUNTRY LIFE, March 26th, 1910.

The Monotremata, which include that extraordinary aquatic egg-laying creature the duck-bill or duck-mole (Ornithorhynchus) of Australia, are represented by the equally peculiar echidnas or spiny anteaters (Echidna and Zaglossus), which are strictly terrestrial in their habits (see illustration in first article). No doubt in these, as in the allied Australian species of echidna, the female carries her two eggs about with her in her pouch till in due course they are hatched by the heat of her body. The duck-bill, on the contrary, deposits her eggs, which are usually two in number, in a chamber at the end of a long burrow and incubates them after the manner of a bird. When hatched, the young, which are naked and helpless and provided with a suckorial mouth, are fed on milk pressed out by special muscles from the mammary glands in the pouch of the female.

There can be no doubt that besides the mammalia already known to inhabit New Guinea, many remain to be discovered. Some very large animal is reported to occur in the mountains.

Its presence was apparently first indicated by Mr. C. A. W. Monckton, who, during his ascent of Mount Albert Edward in the west of British New Guinea, discovered the huge foot-prints and very large droppings of



STALK-EYED FLY (*Laglaisia caloptera*).

Males. A remarkable form peculiar to New Guinea.

some cloven-footed monster which had evidently been browsing on the grassy plains surrounding the lakes on the summit, at an elevation of about twelve thousand five hundred feet. Unfortunately, he was unable to gain any information respecting this animal from the natives, who hunt all over the mountain, as they proved extremely hostile to his expedition. Among the Europeans at Port Moresby this creature is now commonly known as Monckton's "Gazeka," but up to the present time no one has attempted to return to Mount Albert Edward and procure a specimen. Mr. Monckton stated that Sir William Macgregor had seen a "long-snouted animal" on Mount Scratchley, which lies just to the east of Mount Albert Edward; but though we have searched through the Queensland Annual Reports, we have been unable to find mention of any such animal. During Dr. Lorentz's second attempt to reach the Snow Mountains, by way of the North River in Dutch New Guinea, one of his men reported having come across an enormous animal at an elevation of about seven thousand feet. He described it as being black and white striped, with a nose like a tapir and a face like the Devil! Whether this fabulous beast is the same as that reported by Mr. Monckton from the British territory remains to be proved; it may possibly be that its range is chiefly confined to the great chain in Central New Guinea, and that its eastern limit is reached at Mount Albert Edward, for no trace of its presence has been found by other explorers who have visited the more easterly parts of the Owen Stanley Range in British New Guinea. It is believed that neither tapirs nor rhinoceroses exist to the east of Wallace's line, and possibly this monster, when discovered, may prove to be some gigantic marsupial tapir! Should this really be the case, the discovery of such an animal would in itself sufficiently reward the British expedition for their hardships.

The richness of the mammals in New Guinea is far surpassed by that of its bird-fauna, and in no other country does one meet

with so large a proportion of beautiful and brilliantly coloured species. The great feature of the Papuan Ornithology is undoubtedly its wonderful Birds of Paradise (Paradisidae), with their abnormally developed ornamental plumes and gorgeous colouring. In the species of Paradisea, which are, perhaps, the finest of all, we find the long, sweeping side-plumes of yellow, orange or red, which

can be erected at will when the bird is displaying to the females, and fall in a glorious cascade of long, tremulous plumes covering the back and wings (see illustration). As in the allied species, these plumes are only developed in the fully adult males, and are not assumed till the bird is two or three years old. They are, alas!

in great demand for purposes of millinery, and in some parts of New Guinea the adult males have, in consequence, been nearly killed out. It is hoped, however, that the great efforts which are now being made to save them may not prove to be too late. About one hundred and fifty years ago it was the custom of the natives, in preparing the skins of these birds, especially of the Greater Bird of Paradise (*P. apoda*, i.e., without feet), to tear off the legs and sometimes even the wings. The constant arrival in Europe of birds without these natural appendages gave rise to the supposition that Paradise Birds were devoid of them. The male bird was supposed to float about in mid-air, spreading out his long flank-feathers to form a bower, in which the female built her nest! In another species (*Paradisornis rudolphi*) the side-plumes are of a fine ultramarine, shading into dark green; and living examples of this and other splendid species brought to England by Mr. Goodfellow are still thriving in Mr. Brook's aviaries in Dumfriesshire, where some twenty species of living Birds of Paradise were recently to be seen.

In the large species of *Epimachus*, with their long, sickle-shaped bill, the tail is of great length, and there are great fan-like plumes arising from the sides of the breast (see illustration in first article); the species of *Astrachia* are equally fine and more brightly coloured. *Lophorina* has a great shield of glittering dark green feathers covering the breast (see illustration); *Parotia* has six remarkable racquet-like plumes springing from the head; *Diphyllodes* is very handsomely coloured; and the little King Bird of Paradise (*Cicinnurus regius*), with its scarlet and white plumage, green-tipped pectoral tufts and remarkable wire-like middle tail-feathers, with



THREE WEEVILS (*EUPHOLUS*) FROM NEW GUINEA.

Principally pale blue and green, with black bands and markings.



SPINY SKINK (*Tribolonotus novae-guineae*).

The representative of a genus of skinks peculiar to New Guinea.

green discs at the extremity, is one of the most lovely birds in the world. Mr. A. R. Wallace has described it as "a gem of the first water." The scarlet and orange species, *Xanthomelus ardens*, previously only known from imperfect native skins, has recently been procured by Dr. Lorentz on the North River and is a truly splendid species. Lastly, among the many other

noteworthy species which cannot be mentioned here, we must refer to perhaps the most extraordinary of all, *Pteridopha alberti*. Though comparatively sombre in its general black and yellow colouring, this bird has a most singular ear-plume, of great length, on either side of the head. It is ornamented on one side of the shaft only with a series of wax-like plates, gradually diminishing in size towards the tip. These are pale blue on the upper surface and brown beneath. Up to the present time this unique bird has never been met with alive by any European; all the skins brought to Europe are of native make and have been brought to the coast by way of the Ambeno River, which rises on the northern slopes of the Snow Range. One of the ultimate objects of the present expedition is to bring back living birds, and if Mr. Goodfellow is able to procure examples of this most extraordinary species he will deserve the thanks of ornithologists all over the world.

Another allied and very remarkable group are the Bower-birds, so named on account of their peculiar habit of building bowers, or runs, where the males meet to play or pay their court to the females. The bowers are built long before the birds begin to construct their nests, which are placed in trees. The Gardener-Bower-birds (*Amblyornis*), of which three species are known to inhabit New Guinea, build a miniature cabin made of sticks and different mosses and surround it with a tiny, perfectly-kept meadow, studded with brilliantly-coloured flowers, fruits and insects, which as they become faded are constantly replaced.

Kingfishers, parrots and pigeons of most brilliant plumage are very numerous represented in New Guinea, and in their way are almost as striking and remarkable as the Birds of Paradise, but unfortunately space does not permit of our entering into details concerning them. Among the birds of prey the most remarkable known species is the harpy-goshawk (*Harpyopsis*), which is, perhaps, most nearly allied to the great monkey-eating eagle (*Pithecopaga*) of the Philippines and to the harpy-eagles of America. There is probably also another very large eagle which up to the present time has not been obtained. Cassowaries, brush-turkeys and megapodes are well represented, and among the small birds we have sun-birds, flower-peckers, honey-eaters and fly-catchers, as well as many more too numerous to mention, a large number belonging to peculiar genera and species.

It is difficult to forecast what new species of birds may yet be forthcoming, but we may safely assume that many novelties will be obtained. The same may be said about the reptiles, in which the Fauna of New Guinea is particularly rich. The chelonians, or tortoises, and turtles are the most interesting group from the mingling of Asiatic, American and Australian types, and for the discovery in the Fly River, some twenty-five years ago, of a huge fresh-water turtle (*Carettochelys insculpta*), which proves to be the type of a distinct family. More recently, a snapping-turtle, allied to *Chelydra*, has been found in the same river and described as *Devisia mythodes*. The family Chelydridæ, or snapping-turtles, is otherwise confined to North and Tropical America. The lizards are essentially oriental; a Wallace's line does not exist for these reptiles. The genera are mostly widely distributed, but allusion may be made to the curious scincoid, *Tribolonotus*, with its large spiny bony shields, and to the remarkable crested Agamas, *Gonyocephalus* (see illustration). Tree monitors (*Varanus*), green or black, are also characteristic of the Papuan Fauna. Snakes are represented by members of the boa and python groups, harmless colubrids, poisonous colubrids—allied to the cobras and very similar to their Australian allies—highly poisonous colubrids—forming the great bulk of the Australian snake-Fauna—and burrowing blind snakes (*Typhlops*). Batrachians belong to the families of true frogs (*Ranidae*), tree-frogs (*Hylidæ*) and toad-frogs (*Engystomatidæ*). True toads (*Bufo*idæ), although they are represented in the Malay sub-region and in Australia, have not yet been found in New Guinea nor in the Solomon Islands which lie to the east. Hitherto very few species of fresh-water fishes have been found, and none which call for any special notice.

The land and fresh-water shells of New Guinea, even as far as they are known at present, are very numerous in species, and many of them, especially the land-snails, are very beautiful both in form and colour. The shell-Fauna has, however, been only partially investigated, and doubtless a large number of species remain to be discovered. Such a large area of the island is still unexplored conchologically that it will not be surprising if many entirely new forms are eventually met with. The majority of the land-shells hitherto recorded are peculiar to the island. The non-operculate forms predominate. The genus *Papuina* is very strongly represented, some of the species, such as *P. naso*, being among the most remarkable and characteristic forms. *Rhyssota hercules*, another helicoid type, is the largest land-shell in the island. The genera *Perrieria* and *Calycia* are both very interesting, and have their finest representatives in New Guinea. The operculated land-shells are fewer in number and less striking in appearance, the largest and most remarkable species being *Cyclophorus kubaryi*.

Among the fresh-water forms none is very remarkable. Of *Melania* there are many forms, and there are numerous

species of *Neritina* and *Septaria*, but very few of the air-breathing kinds, such as *Limnaea* and *Planorbis*. Among the Bivalves the genera *Unio*, *Cyrena* and *Batissa* are the best represented.

New Guinea abounds in insects, and its Fauna embraces some of the most beautiful and remarkable forms. Among the butterflies the fine *Ornithoptera*s are well represented, and for curious form and striking coloration *Ornithoptera paradisea* may be considered to surpass all those found in the neighbouring islands (see illustration in first article). When the country is explored other allied species will almost certainly be found. Among the beetles there are numerous fine species, and the arrival of a fresh collection from New Guinea is always an exciting event. The rose-beetles (*Cetoniidæ*) are particularly sought after, and new species of *Lomaptera* are sure to be discovered. Some twenty species of this genus have been added to the national collection in the last few years, but many of them are represented by single examples only. Many of the weevils are of rather large size and of great beauty, the *Eupholi* vying with the Brazilian diamond-beetles for brilliancy, and surpassing them in the delicacy of their pale blue, lilac, green or gold tints, which are rendered more striking by being in juxtaposition to black stripes or bands (see illustration).

The Diptera, or two-winged flies, of New Guinea are as yet but very imperfectly known, though many forms of peculiar interest have been brought home by Mr. A. R. Wallace and other collectors. Thus, New Guinea has already furnished several species of the genus *Formosia*—large flies of the bluebottle type, nearly three-quarters of an inch in length and the most brilliant of all Diptera, owing to the burnished patches of copper and green with which their deep black bodies are adorned. Then, too, there are flies which exhibit remarkable differences between the sexes. In some of these, as in the case of *Laglaisia caloptera* (see illustration), the eyes in the male are situated at the end of rigid stalks, looking very much like the retractile tentacles of a slug or snail, and sometimes actually exceeding the body in length; while in other instances the heads of the males bear processes like the antlers of a miniature sambar or elk, of unknown significance and quite distinct from the antennæ.

We have only been able to allude very briefly to the invertebrate groups of animals, but sufficient has no doubt been said to show what a marvellous Fauna New Guinea possesses and how much still remains to be done there. From a botanical point of view even greater results may be expected. The island is of special interest from the relation which its plants show to two distinct great Floras, the Australian on the one hand, and the Malayan on the other. The late Baron von Mueller, in the course of his work on the Australian Flora, was able to show a connection between the Flora of New Guinea and that of tropical Australia; and more recently Mr. F. M. Bailey has added to our knowledge of the botany of New Guinea and the affinities of its Flora. The work of the Germans in Kaiser-Wilhelm-Land, embodied in their exhaustive account of the Flora of the German "Schutzgebiete" in the South Seas, shows the richness of the north-east portion of the island, and suggests the importance of the results which should ensue from a careful exploration of the rest of the island. W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE PIG INDUSTRY AND PRICE OF BACON.

WHILE farmers in some parts of England are only commenting on the extraordinary prices now being paid for pigs alive and dead, as much as twenty-four or twenty-five shillings for six weeks' old pigs beside their dam, and the few fat sows of good weight now realising nearly as much as a cow when brought to the block, the West of England farmers have established an Agricultural Development Movement in Bristol, where farmers and merchants meet on terms of equality of interests, the movement being an off-shoot of the Bristol Incorporated Chamber of Commerce and Shipping. The pig problem being a pressing one, an open meeting was called to discuss it. The problems there brought forward were referred to a committee. This was composed of farmers, and bacon-curers invited to meet them. A long discussion, which was of a very practical character, took place, the representatives of the farmers setting forth their grievances with remarkable lucidity and emphasis, and driving home their points, which were directed towards the many interests and authorities which tended by their attitude to hamper them in their endeavours in the direction of increasing the population of the piggeries of the country. The bacon-curers then had their say. They were equally thorough in their explanations as to their position, which was at times a most unenviable one, and the candid way they went into the details of their business and explained the circumstances which necessitated certain of the terms and conditions about which the breeders complained, called forth favourable comment from the farmers. It was then resolved, as a preliminary step, to ask the Bacon-curers' Association "to consider the advisability of scheduling their weights under a definite scale going from class to class on a differential basis of not less than 20lb. per pig." Mr. John M. Harris of Calne said that he would bring this to the notice of the Bacon-curers' Association, when he would also draw attention to the

other questions that had been raised that day. The promise was soon fulfilled, and the committee of the Western Curers' Association, a most powerful organisation, has replied to the farmers as follows: "(a) The Western Curers' Association welcomes the opportunity afforded by any organisation which thoroughly represents the feeders and breeders of pigs for getting into closer touch with them, and it will be especially glad if you succeed in crystallising the views and suggestions of your members. (b) The Curers' Association is glad to have the particular views embodied in the resolution now submitted, and it assures your members that no departure from the twenty pounds difference between each scale will be made unless the exigencies of the trade absolutely necessitate it. (c) The association is bound to make the foregoing reservation owing to bacon selling difficulties with which your agricultural members are obviously unacquainted. (d) It is gratifying to the association to be able to point to its present scale of weights as being in complete accord with your members' wishes, and would emphasise that whenever it is found necessary to depart from that scale (for instance, by paying top price to nine score) such departure is always of advantage to the feeder, since it means paying a higher price for a higher weight than at ordinary times." This reply has been deemed quite satisfactory, as it practically means an end to the overweight deceptions which have been such a source of irritation to the pig-feeding farmers. It was also resolved to have expert evidence available to offer before the Departmental Committee of the Board of Agriculture. The swine fever restrictions have been most severely felt by the cheese-making farmers of Somerset, to whom pigs are a necessity to convert into profit the otherwise waste whey, a Somerset cheese-maker the other day having to make a journey into Gloucestershire to obtain sixty store pigs, which cost him three pounds ten shillings per head, or practically what they would have been worth fat a few years since. Despite these high prices, one does not see the number of young hilts turned out to increase the stock as they would be anticipated. E. W.

TWO DEPARTMENTAL ENQUIRIES.

The Departmental Committee as an agency for enquiry increases in popularity. At present two of these bodies are preparing to work on subjects of very great importance to those who are engaged in the cultivation of the land. One is directed specially to swine fever. Its character is political as distinguished from scientific. In other words, the points to come under discussion are the best methods for avoiding this plague and for reducing the inconvenience it causes. Scientific investigation would, of course, have been more concerned with bacteria and research work generally. In a sense it is a continuation of the instruction that the Board of Agriculture has endeavoured to impart to the farmer. Enlightened pig-keepers have for some time past been gradually adapting their practice to the sound theories that have been propounded. The infection of swine fever comes from abroad, and it follows as a natural corollary that the less pigs are moved about the less chance they will have of catching it. The breeder, therefore, who stands the best chance of escaping swine fever is he who breeds his own stock, buys no store pigs at all, and is extremely careful in the purchase of those dams and sires which are necessary to reinvigorate the blood of the herd. Even then it is not by any means certain that swine fever does not make its appearance oftener than the average farmer suspects, as it is latent in the entire breed and would become virulent were it not for those slight attacks which have the effect of inoculation. Often when it is noticed that pigs are off their feed and out of condition generally the real reason is a mild attack of fever. Virulent fever, however, is seldom caught except by contact with diseased pigs, and in this respect the chief of sinners is the dealer. He goes into the market and buys such pigs as are presented for sale, with the result that he very frequently becomes the owner of one which spreads infection over the entire herd, so that they have to be slaughtered at a serious loss to the dealer. On the other hand, it is absolutely necessary for the breeder to have free access to the markets, and the strictest arrangements must be observed with animals which are intended for immediate slaughter. The business of the Committee, then, as far as we can understand it, will be to find out the safest means by which the industry can be carried on profitably. At present we behold the very unusual spectacle of the commodity bacon having become extremely dear, while the farmer, who is naturally anxious to make a little money, obviously shrinks from increasing his stock of pigs. Outside advisers accuse him of foolishness in this respect; but it may safely be assumed that he knows his own business best, and there are very good reasons preventing him from embarking on what should prove a very profitable enterprise. The result may, perhaps, be to make his way clearer. The other Committee to which we have alluded is that appointed to enquire into the conditions which govern the export trade in livestock. In a subsequent issue we hope to go into this question much more fully. It raises such very wide issues that it would be absurd to discuss the subject in a paragraph. The questions that affect the export of Shire horses differ considerably from those relating to shorthorn and other cattle. For example, the certificate of the Shire Horse Society is sufficient to get a horse into any foreign country, and it contains only the name, colour, breeder, sire and dam, and grandsire and grandam. The question of disease is never raised as it is in the case of cattle.

THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

The changing tastes of the British public are curiously illustrated in the arrangements made for the Richmond Horse Show this year. The executive of this show are one of the most alert and enterprising in the country and very quick to notice the changes in popular taste. Alterations in their programme, therefore, are very significant. The class for covert hacks has been removed, as it no longer retains popularity, this class of horse having apparently ceased to be used in any numbers. Another class that has been discontinued is the park turn-out (pairs). In them there has been a waning interest which we can scarcely be wrong in attributing to the motor. On the other hand, the jumping contests have been greatly strengthened, and undoubtedly they form a very great attraction at every show. Pair jumping is to be continued and extended. The jumping test for officers in uniform is to be decided in pairs. The special class for

high jumping is sure to provide a splendid display of horsemanship. Coaches appear to be as popular as ever, and will receive increased attention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SWINE FEVER.

SIR,—In a note on the above subject in a recent issue, you commented on the fact that this disease has been reduced to a minimum in Ireland. May I suggest a possible explanation of this satisfactory state of affairs? It is, I think, indisputable that a very considerable proportion of the cases of swine fever in this country are caused by unaffected animals being placed in sties which have been infected through being occupied by pigs suffering from the disease and which have not been adequately disinfected. It will be contended that all such sties are disinfected under the Orders of the Board of Agriculture. This, of course, is so; but whether the disinfection so carried out is efficient is open to very grave question. It has been repeatedly pointed out that a one per cent. solution of chloride of lime and a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid, which are the preparations prescribed by the Board of Agriculture, are unsuited to the purpose in question. The disinfective action of the former, as is well known, is nullified by the presence of any considerable quantity of organic matter, a condition which must always exist in any place occupied by animals, while present-day "commercial" carbolic acid, such as would be used for this purpose, is a totally different preparation from what it was when the Order was originally framed. At that time carbolic depended upon the presence of phenol for its disinfective activity, and was, in fact, a powerful germicide. But nowadays that phenol has been withdrawn for other purposes, and replaced by other acids, many of which are practically insoluble in water except in such volumes, relative to the quantity of acid, as to render the latter of no practical disinfective efficiency in any available exposure. Admitting these facts, which, of course, are readily demonstrable, it becomes obvious that disinfection as carried out under the Orders of the Board of Agriculture must be a very ineffective weapon against swine fever. In Ireland, modern scientific methods of disinfection have been introduced, and to this is probably due in no small measure the great diminution in the disease in that country to which you refer. It is to be hoped that the Committee which is shortly to enquire into the whole subject of swine fever may take the question of disinfection into serious consideration.—F. C. S.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE DAIRY-FARMERS.

SIR,—In the early hours of Friday morning, April 8th, battle was fairly joined between the London County Council and the representatives of the dairy-farmers of England on the floor of the House of Commons. The occasion was the motion for the second reading of the London County Council General Powers Bill, and the question at issue was the demand of the London County Council for powers for dealing with the milk supply, which were strongly objected to by dairy-farmers, or, rather, by the Central Chamber of Agriculture on their behalf. These powers were to extend beyond the area of the council's jurisdiction to any part of the country. They are seeking the right to inspect premises and examine cows the milk from which is sent to London, and if they think well to summon the farmer to appear in London to be dealt with. The Chamber has strongly opposed this proposal on former occasions with success, but has also a decided objection to the milk clauses of the London Bill on other and wider grounds. Its contention is that, pending the introduction and passage of a Government measure dealing with the whole country and rendering the law uniform and generally applicable, there should be no further piecemeal legislation. At present there is something like chaos prevailing in the state of the law affecting the milk trade. There is so much latitude allowed that local authorities have each their own regulations, and thus farmers and dealers are always in a state of uncertainty with regard to their liabilities. This unsatisfactory state of things was to be remedied by the Bills introduced during the last two sessions by Mr. John Burns; but these, owing to the exigencies of party politics, failed to get through, with the result that a matter affecting the public health on one hand and the business of the dairy-farmer on the other still awaits settlement. If the L.C.C. had been allowed to have their way, the present unsatisfactory state of things would have been considerably aggravated; but, in the face of the opposition of the agriculturists, they persisted in their endeavour to pass their Bill. At the first stage it was blocked, but came up for second reading on Friday, as already stated. What then took place is interesting, being very suggestive of the influence agriculture might acquire in Parliament if fully organised for self-defence. On the motion for the second reading, Mr. Courthope, acting for the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, of which he is ex-chairman, moved the rejection of the Bill. Finding, however, that such a course could not succeed, he wisely withdrew that motion and moved that it should be an instruction to the Committee to delete the milk clauses. After a speech by Mr. Burns, in which he stultified the principles of his own Bills, and others which followed on both sides, the instruction was carried by eighty-five to eighty-one votes. Agriculture had thus triumphed over the powerful L.C.C. by the narrow majority of four votes. The division list shows that it was not taken on party lines, and even Mr. Walter Long, whose sympathies as a former President of the Board of Agriculture must have been with the farmers, found it necessary, as the representative of a London constituency, to support the Bill as it stood. Sir F. Channing also voted the same way, but Mr. Courtenay Warner and Sir Luke White (both Liberals) were both loyal to the Chamber of Agriculture. An urgent call had been made by the Chamber on about one hundred and seventy members who are supposed to interest themselves in agricultural questions; it thus secured a victory, and once more justified its existence as the "Farmers' Parliament." Dairy-farmers have no objection to inspection, and, as a body, are in full accord with the general desire to ensure a pure milk supply. They know well that, in the long run, the confidence of the public is conducive to their interest by tending to increased consumption of that article. In order to demonstrate this fact, Mr. Courthope has given notice that he will himself introduce a Milk Bill in the House of Commons at an early date.—A. T. MATTHEWS.



E. W. Taylor.

EVENING LIGHT.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SURPRISE- OFFICER.

BY

TICKNER EDWARDES.



IT was "weandering-time" in the South Down sheep country, and as Mr. John Croft, one of the sub-inspectors of the Sussex

School Board, drove his bicycle swiftly up the village street towards the little school-house on the hill, the sunny June morning was full of a woeful sound—a great pitiful voice upraised from every fold on the surrounding green heights, where a thousand distracted ewe-mothers were lamenting their lost children, and refusing to be comforted.

John Croft looked neither to the left nor right, but kept his glance fixed straight ahead. That morning's post had brought him a letter which had both puzzled and perturbed him, and it was the fourth he had received from the same quarter on the same subject in an identically similar vein:

"I regret to be obliged again to call your attention," it ran, "to the exceedingly lax, not to say disgraceful, manner in which the school here is conducted. I have made repeated complaints to the schoolmistress, both orally and by letter, but she treats my expostulations only with the grossest flippancy; and not only do the abuses continue, but I am now subjected to great personal annoyance from impertinent boys who chalk on my gate, call after me, and even sometimes throw various disgusting objects in at my windows. Only this morning I was called to remove a bunch of drowned kittens from the floor of my dining-room; and yesterday, on going at my groom's request to look at the stable door, I found thereon a most offensive and ribald drawing, supplemented by some doggerel lines of an equally opprobrious character. I beg to enclose a photograph of the door, taken at the time in the presence of witnesses, from which the serious nature of the offence will be at once apparent to you. My reason, however, for again writing is not to complain of this, but to inform you that your last admonition of Miss Ringold has resulted in little or no amelioration in the conduct to which I have been compelled so frequently to direct your official attention.

"At all times during school hours I hear unseemly chatter and laughter going on within the building, as also sounds as though games were being played; and I must not omit to mention that pieces are constantly performed upon the school piano which can in no sense be described as educational. I think also that the presence about the school-house of dogs, doubtful in breed and very uncertain of temper, is much to be reprobated. Not only is this, in my opinion, unfair to timid scholars, but, as I can personally testify, it discourages such independent supervision in the care of the young as any disinterested ratepayer of the village may feel it his duty to make."

Three pages of the letter ran on thus, and there was a fourth page equally crowded. But John Croft had never yet had patience to read one of old Major Towey's letters through to the end. At this point he had crammed the unfinished epistle into his pocket, mounted his bicycle, and set off for Amblecombe, designing to make there the first of the series of surprise visits which constituted his long daily round.

The little grey flint building, wherein Hetty Ringold taught the youth of Amblecombe, stood behind a screen of whispering lime trees. As John Croft came stealthily but swiftly up the hill, there was the quiet stir of the wind among the green leaves; a nightingale trilled intermittently in the hedgerow beyond; cooing doves hobbled amorously on the thatch of the neighbouring farm buildings. But not a sound reached him from the open windows and door of the school. The inspector dismounted and, leaning his bicycle against one of the trees, drew softly near. He listened long and judiciously. There was the steady scratching of a score of pens, now and then a slight cough or scrape of a hobnail boot, and once or twice the voice of the little schoolmistress—a voice which John Croft had always thought one of the pleasantest he was accustomed to hear on his round; a voice with a quiet,

authoritative ring leavening its refined sweetness; such a voice as experience had hitherto led the inspector to believe the roughest and most rebellious village urchin must instinctively obey.

Greatly pleased and relieved at the orderly condition of affairs thus, as ever, disclosed to him, and not a little indignant with the writer of the letter which had brought him upon yet another fool's errand, John Croft forbore to enter, but departed as silently as he came. At the foot of the street, where church and general shop and smithy made a kind of focus to the village, he stopped. Major Towey's house stood hard by, and the inspector looked it over rather contemptuously. It displayed labels of various kinds. Under the great, glittering brass door knocker he read, "PLEASE KNOCK GENTLY." A side gate bore the inscription, "TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE: ALL BEGGARS AND HAWKERS WILL BE GIVEN INTO CUSTODY." The coping of the high garden wall was thickly studded with bottle glass, and over this peered notice boards threatening the law upon trespassers. There was a little fringe of grass separating the wall from the street, shut in with a row of posts and chains, and this was ornamented with two other boards: "NOTICE. THIS GROUND IS PRIVATE PROPERTY," and "ANY PERSON FOUND SWINGING ON THESE CHAINS WILL BE DEALT WITH ACCORDING TO LAW."

A grin stole up through the official gravity of the inspector's face as he lifted his hand to the knocker; but he was destined not to use it that day, gently or otherwise. The door burst violently open, and Major Towey himself appeared, anticipatory triumph fulminating behind his gold pince-nez and fierce white moustache.

"Well, Mr. Croft! I see you have been to the school again. A most outrageous thing—this! No order maintained, no discipline, no manners taught; day after day the most shocking waste of valuable time in romps and frivolities! But—ha, ha!—we shall see a change now! You dropped upon them in the very nick of time, did you not? Only a moment before I saw you go up the street I heard the wildest laughter and sounds of horse-play proceeding from— Yes, sir! Heard it at this distance quite plainly—from my window up there! However, it is all at an end now, I hope—"

"Major Towey!" interrupted the inspector, staring. "I don't know what you mean! I neither saw nor heard anything unseemly. The whole class was quietly at work when I arrived, and everything going on as it should. You must have been dreaming!"

Major Towey's face passed through a succession of lively tints, finally glowing out into pure purple.

"But I assure you—" he almost shouted.

"And I assure you there was nothing of the kind," returned John Croft. "I am beginning to believe you have imagined the whole thing all along, sir. Half-a-dozen times I have come pelting over here without the slightest chance of warning being given. And each time I have found— No! I have now gone into the matter thoroughly, and have absolutely no reason to think Miss Ringold anything but a model schoolmistress."

The Major stood biting the end of his moustache, and glaring at the inspector in mingled wrath and amazement.

"There is collusion here," he said at last, decisively. "Collusion, sir!—a conspiracy! Someone or other must see you coming, and—"

"But how is that possible?" remonstrated the inspector, patiently. "The road here is quite hidden by trees until it gives upon the village, and after I arrive here I keep the school plainly in sight all the way. More than that, until I am at the door, I never slacken my pace—a good ten miles an hour if it's a yard; and it would puzzle anyone to outstrip me. Even then they could not pass me by without being seen, and if a regular look-out was kept, you yourself would long ago have detected it.

No, no, Major! It is all your fancy, depend upon it! Nobody else in the village has complained, and I am sick and tired of the whole business. So now please let us give it a rest. Good-morning to you!"

John Croft mounted his bicycle and rode off at a good round pace. The Major watched the burly figure of the young inspector until it disappeared round the crook of the lane, and then, just as he was about to close his door, he started and stared savagely up the hill. A joyful sound had broken the sunny serenity of the morning. School was up, and the scholars were pouring out of the little grey hutch behind the lime trees like water through a burst dam. A streak of gay colour shot down the hill—pinafors in pink and white and blue flaunted joyously in the breeze as the children stampeded homeward. And in the front rank of them, holding hands in the string, with a little wire-haired fox-terrier yapping delightedly at her heels, ran Hetty Ringold, laughing and calling with the best. The whole happy vociferous mob swept by Major Towey, turned the church corner, and vanished, leaving him a helpless wreck on a lee shore of indignation.

"It—it's not twelve o'clock!" he gasped, watch in hand. "It wants a good ten minutes! Twenty-three children and ten minutes' time wasted for each: that makes nearly four hours—four precious golden hours stolen out of the ratepayers' pockets! Too preposterous! I'll go and write to Croft again immediately—No! I'll write direct to the Board of Education and see what that will do!"

A few days later the sub-inspector had a rather lengthy interview with his chief, and he came away from it with Amblecombe very much on his mind and conscience.

"I know it is only an old man's foolishness," he mused to himself, as he took the road to the village, "and it ought not to be difficult to prove it. I'll soon get at the truth!"

But the enquiries he now for the first time set himself to make about the place by no means confirmed this desired and predetermined view of things. At the school, indeed, he found everything in order as usual, the work there going on with all the smooth and silent effectiveness of a well-oiled piece of machinery. John Croft's satisfaction at this, however, made his subsequent reception at the Vicarage all the more disquieting. The kindly old parson, as Croft could not fail to see, was on his guard at the first word.

"Well, well; of course, there is no great harm in it. Children's lives cannot be made too bright; there will be plenty of showery weather for them later on. H'm, h'm! Well! Since you make a point of it, Mr. Croft, I do not entirely approve—No! I cannot exactly say I think Miss Ringold is quite strict enough; and—yes!—perhaps she does take rather an extreme view as to the importance of the recreative side of her duties. But pray do not understand me to support any—any complaint that may have been made to you by persons who—Mr. Croft, the truth is I have a great regard for little Hetty Ringold. I would not harm her for worlds."

At the shop of the village the inspector came by equally unwelcome information.

"'Tis a good maid as ever drew breath, but 'a do love to be merry, an' ha' all merry about'n, to be sure. Lor'! I ha' seen an' heerd goin's on! Only yesterday— But what do't signify? Skule-larnin', an' globes an' figurin'—what's th' use o' they? Let'n play, says I! Ye caan't larn to plough wi' pen and ink!"

The solitary artist, who dwelt in a barn (converted into a studio) conveniently near the inn, received John Croft in an atmosphere of paint and tobacco smoke.

"I don't object to the voices and laughing and all that, you know. But that confounded piano! You hear it all hours. Hymns and musical drill? My dear sir! Mind you, not a word against the little mistress! She's as good as gold. But I admit, as a hard-working man, I could do with rather less Chevalier and Marie Lloyd as accompaniments to my labours."

And a stout saturnine woman at a cottage door called across the street to a neighbour as John Croft went pondering by:

"Jennie, 'a larns nauthin'. Read? Ay! 'A does nought fr' mornin' to night but read they love stories as skule-marm lends her. But jography an' 'istery—never a wured in her 'ed!"

Final conviction of the unpleasant truth came from a small boy, with his foot in a sling, whom John Croft found sitting on a doorstep weeping bitterly.

"Well! what's the matter, my lad?" asked the inspector in passing.

"I—I caan't go t' skule!" came the answer, between sobs. "'Tis th' laast o' th' marble matches this mornin', an' I ha' been fust all along, but now I'll lose the box o' chocolate!"

John Croft rode away in utter perplexity of mind, his *amour-propre* wounded to its lowest depths.

"Now, why," he desperately asked himself, "why on earth do I see and hear nothing of all this? Everybody else seems full of it, and yet the one person who ought to know, knows nothing. Collusion!—the Major said, and he must be right. In some way or other the little girl infallibly gets to know I am coming in time to prepare for me. Now, how does she do it?

How *can* she do it? Well, I must set my wits to work and find out!"

For the next few weeks the inspector brought to bear on the problem all the wily arts in which long experience had made him a master. He descended upon Amblecombe at all hours of the day, and at designedly uncertain intervals. Sometimes he pedalled straight to the school-house at top speed, at others he left his bicycle at the inn and approached the school by a circuitous route of side-ways. But, do what he might, he always found Hetty Ringold's domain in the same exquisite, almost preternatural quietude—the twenty-three scholars one and all engrossed in their work; the little schoolmistress smiling at her desk, a model of regulation propriety; not a sign of anything amiss. And all the time he was receiving daily bulletins from Major Towey, announcing wilder, more uproarious lapses than ever.

At length, one bright midsummer morning John Croft arose from his bed fired with a new resolve. Hetty Ringold, he frankly confessed to himself, had out-generalled him at every turn. He was fairly beaten at a game in which he was an acknowledged expert. Though he could no longer doubt that the school was conducted in a scandalously unorthodox way, all his efforts had as yet failed to evoke one shred of evidence on which he could take official action. But reform must be no longer delayed, or his own position might be imperilled. Well, there was nothing for it; he must capitulate, strike his flag, make the best terms he could with the enemy, and hope that the long siege would thus be finally raised. Full of this new scheme, he got on his bicycle and set out towards Amblecombe.

He made an early start, for his design was to catch Hetty Ringold before she left home for the day's work, and it was barely eight o'clock when he pulled up outside the little rose-smothered cottage somewhat short of the village, and set a polite and diffident foot on the spotless doorstep.

The door stood open. A pleasant tinkle of teacups and murmur of women's voices sounded within. Before his presence had been marked by Hetty and her mother, John Croft treated himself to a moment's peep at one of the prettiest little scenes he had ever set eyes on. The morning sunshine wanted through the little room. It sparkled among the silver and china-ware on the breakfast-table. It made a kind of saint's aureola of the white-laced and beribboned cap on the head of the portly old lady who sat on one side, and its yellow beams had entangled themselves in the dark hair of the girl opposite, riddling it through and through with a tawny light. John Croft felt a curious and unwonted stir within him as he looked at Hetty. She had tilted her chair back, and was holding out a lump of sugar to the little dog who sat by her, begging. But Tip went without his sweets for that morning. Chancing to look round, he fell suddenly to his feet, barking furiously. The spell was broken. A moment later John Croft found himself ceremoniously installed in the best chair, confronting a grave old face and a merry youthful one, the while he tried to concentrate his thoughts on the purpose which had brought him thither.

"Miss Ringold," he began, awkwardly enough, "I—I have come to talk to you about—about something which— But you will guess what it is about, and I need not waste time in prefaces. I am instructed to make formal complaint to you of the way in which the work of the school here is carried on. I know it is very unsatisfactory, and—"

Hetty's sparkling brown eyes turned themselves steadily upon him.

"Indeed, Mr. Croft! How do you know that?"

"Oh, all sorts of complaints are continually reaching me. Letters have been received also by the Board in London—"

The two women exchanged meaning glances.

"That wicked old man, of course!" cried Mrs. Ringold, bridling. "'Satan finds some mischief still'—you know the proverb! Well, sir! what has he to say against my daughter?"

But Hetty quietly took over the supreme command in the affair.

"Never mind that, mother! No one in his senses would believe a word of Major Towey's. But that is not the point. The point is, Mr. Croft says he knows I am a bad school-mistress—"

"No, no! I never said that!"

"You said you knew things were very unsatisfactory, didn't you? Well, that is the same thing, is it not?" And I think you ought to tell me how you know it. You would not go merely on idle hearsay, of course?"

"Oh, dear no! Certainly not. But lately I have been giving this district a great deal of attention, and—"

"Yes! That you have! And what have you found out against me, Mr. Croft, after all your trouble?"

There was an elaborate sarcasm in the words which contrasted oddly with the look of unconcealed merriment dancing in her eyes. John Croft felt himself openly challenged. For a moment he met the bright searching eyes of the girl with the severest and coldest of official glances. And then his grave face

relaxed into a smile. He reached down, and patted the little dog at his feet.

"Miss Ringold," said he, "as you very well know, I have not been allowed to find out anything against you, from my own personal knowledge; so that officially I have no right to complain at all. And I really did not come to complain. In fact, I intended no more than privately to ask your advice and help in what is, for me, a very difficult situation. You know what I mean. I have got to see that the children here are kept to their work in the proper way. Well, this is not being done. There is far too much playtime and general high-jinks. Everyone says so, and it must be true. But, no matter when I come or how I come, there you are at your desk, a monument of impeccability; and there are the children all as good and sweet as sugar-nice. Now, I know very well this is only a piece of play-acting got up for my special benefit. I know you have some dodge or other, some system of watch-keeping or signalling by which you are informed directly I approach the village, and get ready accordingly. But whatever your plan is, it must be something very ingenious, for it has baffled me entirely. I have tried every way I know of to trap you, but I am completely mystified. You have beaten me, fairly and squarely; and now I come to acknowledge defeat, and to ask you to let me into your secret. How on earth do you manage it, Miss Ringold?"

He had been carefully smoothing the little dog's wiry coat as he spoke, but with the last words he looked up. The old lady was shaking in her chair. The fire of Hetty's brown eyes shone full upon him, and her voice trembled with a greater mirth than ever. She shook her head slowly.

"Really, Mr. Croft! you have a fine notion of British justice! Your case breaks down completely from lack of evidence, and then you ask your prisoner to convict herself by volunteering a confession! Of course, I am not going to walk into your parlour in that simple way. Gracious! it's nearly nine!"

She had risen, with a quick glance at the clock, and reached down her hat from its peg. It was a straw hat with red ribbons, as John Croft noted at the time and remembered long after. Hetty tied the ribbons into a bow under her chin with deliberation. She grew suddenly serious.

"Would you care to hear a word or two from the other side?" she asked, and her voice faltered ever so slightly. "Did you know I was born here?—here in this very cottage, Mr. Croft? No? Well, it is true. And nearly every day since I was five years old I have walked to and from the school up there; first as pupil, and then as pupil-teacher, and finally as mistress, after old Miss Cutlow died. But that was before your time. Now, she was a Tartar, if ever there was one; and we children had a perfectly wretched time. I think I hardly had a happy moment all the years I was scholar there; and I always vowed, if ever I became a schoolmistress, I would order things very differently. Well, Mr. Croft, I have my own way at last. There is not a child in Amblecombe who would not die for me, and I think of nothing else all day long but how I can bring pleasure into their queer, dull, hole-and-corner lives."

She stopped, and moved a step towards the door. A bright patch of carmine was glowing in the centre of each of her sun-burnt cheeks. She looked at the inspector appealingly.

"Oh! how I wish the old surprise-officer was back again! Why don't you wear spectacles, and never see anything through them? Do leave us alone, please, Mr. Croft; and let us go the old pleasant way, and all be happy together in our little green corner of the earth! But if you won't, you won't, I suppose! Well! I must be moving, or school will be late. Are you coming to worry us this morning?"

John Croft followed her out into the green, sun-barred lane. As he prepared to mount and ride homeward, he turned her a face in which real regret struggled with stern resolution.

"No; I'm not going to worry you any more to-day, Miss Ringold," he said. "But there is one thing I must say to you. I am very sorry you refuse to help me, and at the same time yourself, out of a disagreeable situation. But—but my duty is plain. Of course, I must sooner or later find out all I want to know, and then——"

Some of her old pert prettiness came back to her as she caught him up.

"Will you promise me one thing?" she demanded.

"A thousand, if you like."

"No; one is enough; I am not greedy. Promise me that you will never act on anything but your own direct personal observation?"

"Very good," he answered, after some hesitation; and laughed outright. "That, of course, leaves us exactly where we have been all along!"

"And exactly where we always shall be!" she threw back to him, defiantly.

John Croft had pedalled away slowly in the direction of home for twenty minutes or so, when a sudden inspiration fell

upon him. He got off his bicycle, wheeled it sharply round, then stood with one foot on the treadle, ruminating. His face flushed.

"It would be awfully mean, though," he pondered. "I as good as promised—— Still, she will be completely off her guard now, and if I let such a chance slip I may never get another like it. Duty ought to go before everything. But no, I can't do it! Yes, I will!"

He sprang on the machine and charged back towards Amblecombe at full tilt. His purpose was to ride straight up to the school, but as he swept round the church corner something white bumped against his wheel and brought him over headlong into the dust. He picked himself up, unhurt happily, but to a chorus of doleful yelping.

"Whose dog is it?" he asked of a passer-by, who had bent over the miserable little creature, and was trying to console it.

"'Tis Miss Ringold's, sir. But 'a bain't hurt, only winded. An' it warn't no fault o' yours. I'll see to't, sir. 'A'll be all right in a minute, bless ye!"

Much relieved at this intelligence, John Croft mounted and went on his way. He had the school-house plainly in sight now, and, a moment later, in hearing. He started violently.

"Hurra-a-a-ah! Hurra-a-a-ah!"

A wild burst of cheering had broken out somewhere ahead.

"Hurra-a-a-ah! Hurra-a-a-ah! Hurra-a-a-ah!"

Again it rang out, and this time he was in no doubt as to its location. It came from the school-house, sure enough. Quickening his pace, he was soon standing under the shadow of the lime trees, listening to an absolutely deafening tumult. All the children in Amblecombe must have been inside the little place, shouting their hardest; and every now and then John Croft could single out Hetty's voice above the din.

"Thank you! thank you, so very much!" he heard her scream. And then—"Oh, what a beautiful necklace!" The voices grew louder and shriller, followed by Hetty's voice again: "But I can't play it in honour of myself, children!" This was succeeded by a fresh outburst, a chorus of expostulation now, at the height of which the piano joined in. At once the shouting changed to singing:

For she's a jolly good fellow!

For she's a jolly good fellow!

For she's a jolly good fellow—ow! —

An' so says all o' we!

It was Hetty herself who, from her station behind the piano in the opposite corner, first made out John Croft standing in the doorway, a rigid spectator of the scene. The music stopped. Like the sudden freezing of a Niagara, the uproar of voices was arrested. A silence that was tangible fell upon all. John Croft beckoned to Hetty, and without a word she rose from her place and followed him, leaving the children behind her in a mute, huddled, horror-stricken company. There was a seat under the lime trees, and John Croft marched straight to it. Hetty, with her lips tightly pressed together, sat dutifully down at a wave of his hand, and he took a seat beside her. For the first time then their eyes met.

"I have played you rather a bad trick, I am afraid," said he, at last. "Please do not think so ill of me as to imagine I intended to come back, when I said I would not. It was done on the spur of the moment, and I am really ashamed of myself now. Will you forgive me?"

She made a little petulant movement, as though brushing this aside as mere frivolity in the face of disaster.

"And there is something else for which I have to ask your forgiveness," he went on. "I have been so unfortunate as to injure—not seriously, I am glad to say—a faithful and very serviceable friend of yours. The little dog—what do you call him?—he ran into my wheel, and——"

A gasp of surprise and an exclamation of grief escaped her set lips at one and the same moment. By that time John Croft was beginning to find his assumption of grave official deportment very hard to sustain.

"In fact," he continued, broadly smiling now, "the little dog and I were running a race, although I never suspected it at the time; and, but for our collision, he would undoubtedly have got here first to warn you, as he has done so many times before. Well, don't cry. He is really not hurt at all. I suppose Mrs. Ringold kept a bad watch for me this morning and was somewhat late in releasing him, or it would not have happened."

Considerately, he took a turn or two up and down under the whispering green pergola of lindens. He had his hands in his pockets, and went like a man deeply thinking. At last he stopped and stood looking down upon her where she sat tying her handkerchief into distracted little knots.

"Well," said he, after a pause; "the game is up at last, and what a game it has been! Miss Ringold, I am full of sincere admiration at your ingenuity. And I am still heartily ashamed of myself, as well as frightened at what yet lies before me. Of course, I am bound to report the thing from beginning to end, and——and——"

"And I shall be dismissed at once, without the remotest chance of ever getting another appointment! You are going to drive me away from these children whom I have known and loved from babyhood, and prevent me from ever doing any more good work in the world! Oh! it is shameful, wicked of you! And—and on my—my birthday, too!"

He went for another slow turn under the chequered green and gold of the lindens, taking alternate long and short strides, his eyes studying the ground as he moved. When he drew opposite the seat again he stopped and regarded her with a curious, shame-faced hesitancy.

"Your birthday, is it? I wish I had only known! No! I am glad I didn't know, or else—— How many birthdays does it make altogether?"

She was a long while answering.

"Twenty-three. If it interests you."

"It does interest me, extraordinarily."

He paused, noting how the amber beads of the necklace set off her rich Southern complexion and dark abundance of hair. She must be of the old Sussex stock, he thought to himself—the Iberian blood that was British ages before his own fair-haired ancestors came to the land.

"Now, see here," he said, very slowly and gently. "Untie those knots and wipe your eyes, for things need not turn out so badly as you think. Even when you give up teaching here, you

can still stay in Amblecombe and keep all your young friends about you——"

"No, no! That is impossible. How are we to live? Mother—we have nothing but——"

He was bold as a lion at last.

"Oh! my dear little girl, don't you understand me? There is a way, and a good way, too, for us all! I am sick of my roving, restless life, and long to settle down in the country; buy my own little farm, perhaps; live a quiet, clean, outdoor life, and forget all about education and everything connected with it. I would do it to-morrow, do it here in Amblecombe, if—if you would go shares with me. Will you, Hetty? I am going to stand before you on this same spot of earth until you make up your mind one way or the other, if I have to remain a week!"

In the vista of the sunny lane there appeared now a little white crestfallen object, limping painfully along. Hetty caught the dog up in her arms.

"Oh! why were you so careless, Tip!" she laughed and cried towards him, hugging him. "But it doesn't matter, dear! You won't need to run any more, because—because I'm going to be very, very happy, Tip!"

"Come," said John Croft, with the face of an archangel. "We'll give the children a holiday. And I'll go and sit on old Major Towey's doorstep and time the race down the street!"

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE SEASON OF HEATHER-BURNING.

ON the advent of the month of March the Highland keepers begin to plan out the strips of heather to be burnt, and if the weather conditions are genial many heather fires are set going before the end of the month. A photograph I have shows a hillside alight on the Royal forest of Ballochbuie, and in the background the snow-clad Cairngorm Mountains are visible on the far side of the Dee Valley. The photograph was obtained early in April and the conditions were perfect in every way. A slight breeze was blowing from the south-west, and the sun shone with as much power as in mid-June, so a few minutes after the match had been applied a large stretch of the hill was burning vigorously with a curious crackling sound. In a deer forest the heather is not burnt in patches, but a whole hillside may be set on fire and left to burn itself out. Although, no doubt, of benefit to the deer, in that it allows the young grass to shoot, this wholesale burning has rather a depressing effect on the hill affected, and it is not until several years have elapsed that the hill recovers its former appearance. Naturally, a fire of such a great size is quite out of control of the keeper, and so he must be careful to choose a day with the wind blowing in such a direction that it will prevent the conflagration extending to any forests in the vicinity. Familiarity breeds contempt, however, and to the uninitiated the keepers display an extraordinary callousness as regards the spreading of the fire, and return home leaving the hill ablaze, often with an extensive pine forest within half a mile of the spot! But, as a general rule, a great deal of snow still remains on the higher grounds during the months of March and April, and this acts as an effective check to the fire.

AN EAGLET'S THIRD EYELID.

On first inspection of the photograph of the golden eaglet which is the picture accompanying this article, one would imagine that the bird was blind—at least, this has been the general opinion among people to whom I have shown the photograph. This, however, is not the case; but the bird happened to have drawn the curious skin-like membrane—the third eyelid—over its eye at the instant the photograph was taken. This third eyelid, or nictitating membrane, as it is often called, is well marked in the case of the eagle and is drawn by the bird over its eyes in the presence of fierce sunlight, and it is probably because of this that the ancient legend of an eagle being "able to look into the face of the sun" originated, for I believe it is a fact that the eagle, when this third eyelid covers the eye, is literally able to look straight at the sun. This particular eaglet was continually rolling its eyes and drawing the third eyelid rapidly over them with weird effect, and it was remarkable that the shutter should have been exposed at the critical moment without any such intention on my part. The eaglet, after a few visits, began to show quite friendly feelings

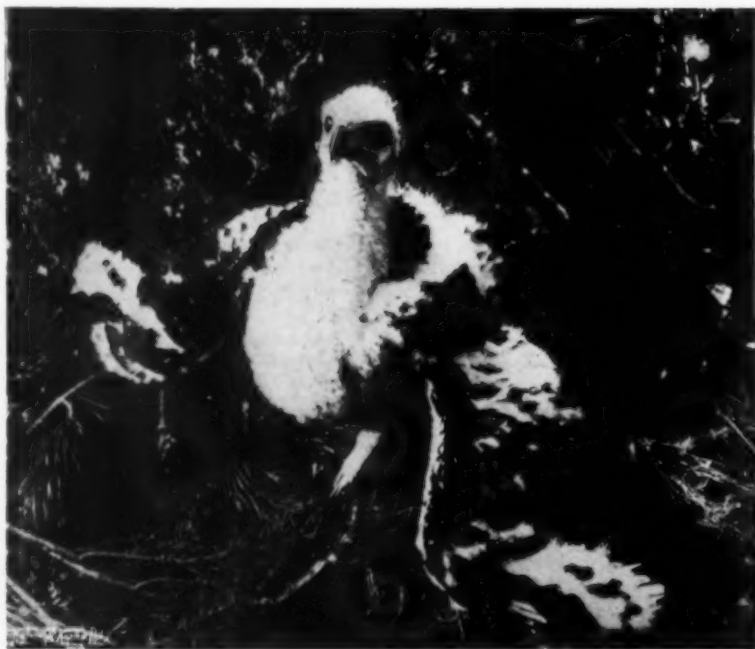
towards me, going so far as to devour banana skins, and even pieces of a paper bag, with evident relish. One day, while I was photographing him, his mother suddenly appeared over the brow of the hill, bearing a fine grouse in her talons. Upon catching sight of me, however, she rose abruptly and sailed off, to the intense indignation of her offspring, who looked up at her in pained indignation, ultimately giving vent to numerous yelps of dismay, to which, unfortunately, the parent bird paid no attention. I imagined that on my departure the mother would return with the grouse; but such was not the case, as when I revisited the spot some hours later the eaglet had yet to receive a meal, and I felt very guilty of having robbed him of a most substantial lunch!

THE WING POWER OF THE PTARMIGAN.

Every hillman must have noticed with what extraordinary ease a covey of ptarmigan follow the slopes of a hill, seemingly rising with almost the same ease as their rapid sweep down the hillside. There is no doubt that the wings of the ptarmigan are extremely powerful, and I have seen it stated that the birds have, for their size, the largest and most powerful wings among our British game-birds. Young ptarmigan, too, are able to fly while still absurdly small, and I have seen a covey of ptarmigan scarcely larger than larks fly cheerfully over a precipice some thousand feet deep, though the parent bird, it is true, was in a state of great anxiety as to the result of her children's foolhardy effort. I think it cannot be doubted that the flight of the ptarmigan is more powerful than that of their near relatives, the red grouse. I have seen ptarmigan relentlessly pursued by a golden eagle, and the birds were dashing up and down the hillside at a very great speed. Some authorities state that the ptarmigan, while absurdly confiding in warm and sunny weather, is very wary and difficult to approach under wet or stormy weather conditions. Personally, however, I have not found this to be the case, for although confiding during fine weather, the birds have occasionally been so tame when a storm was raging that they would not move, although we hurled stones at them from a distance of only a few yards.

SALMON-FISHING RESULTS.

Up to the time of writing (March 10th) the spring fishing on the river Dee has been exceptionally good. During the first fortnight a total of over one hundred and fifty fish was landed on the Aboyne stretches of the river, and even as far up as Balmoral clean fish were got on the opening day. The Banchoy waters are invariably productive during the early spring months, and very good sport has been obtained here this season, though relatively not so good as the results at Aboyne. Braemar has latterly been extremely unfortunate in its spring fishing, the fish apparently not relishing the idea of pushing up into the snow waters of the upper reaches. Last year and the year before the first clean-run fish was landed as late as April, but this season a very fine clean-run fish was landed before February was out. A gratifying feature is the large size of the



A YOUNG GOLDEN EAGLE SHOWING THIRD EYELID.

salmon—in many instances they have been above fifteen pounds—and several very fine fish of between twenty pounds and thirty pounds have been landed. Undoubtedly the season is an earlier and better one than has been the case for a good many years, and all accounts tend to show that there is a very large head of fish in the middle and upper reaches.

THE CAPERCAILLIE IN SCOTLAND.

The capercaillie's history in Scotland is rather a curious one. In the olden days it was comparatively common, but the gradual diminution of the ancient forests had probably much to do with its extinction. It was, however, reintroduced from Sweden in 1837, and since that date has spread over nearly the whole of Scotland. It used, a few years ago, to be most abundant in the counties of Perth and Forfar, but has since spread north, and at the present day there is scarcely a wood of any size in Aberdeenshire that does not

contain a number of these birds. A short time ago a young caper flew through one of the windows of the Aberdeen Post Office, creating great alarm for the time being. The bird was evidently migrating, though the capercaillie nests within a few miles of the city; but it had evidently become bewildered by the noise and had descended with disastrous consequences to itself—and also the window. The derivation of the name "capercaillie" (or capercaillie, as it is often called) is very doubtful; "gobur" (a horse), "cabhar" (an old man), "gabur" (a goat), "coille" (a wood), are all Gaelic words from which the name might be derived; but I am inclined to think that coille is the real derivation—"caper caillie," the cock of the wood, which would, I think, be a most appropriate title. The caper has a wide range—from Great Britain to Kamtschatka—but the Russian birds are heavier than the British specimens, which latter rarely weigh more than twelve pounds. SETON GORDON.

HOW TO CHOOSE OLD FURNITURE.

TO those of us who have been brought up from childhood surrounded by the furniture of our forefathers the buying of old furniture does not present many difficulties; but everyone, expert and amateur, ought to examine with the greatest care the elaborately carved and inlaid pieces which run into high figures. Speaking broadly of English furniture, oak was used from the earliest times until about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the use of walnut became general and the carving found on oak was replaced by the saw-cut veneer of walnut, with its beautiful "figure" and rich tone. Authorities differ as to the date when mahogany was introduced into this country, but it was probably extensively utilised as early as 1730, and has continued in use ever since. Lacquered furniture was introduced from China and Japan in the last half of the seventeenth century, and was soon copied by English, Dutch and Spanish workmen. The European copies are easily distinguished by the untruthful representations of the Oriental figures and their surroundings. Satinwood,

with its attendant inlays of king, hair, tulip and other woods, came into vogue in the third quarter of the eighteenth century. At this time furniture was gilded and painted under the influence of the brothers Adam. Walnut and mahogany enriched by gilding were also very popular from 1720 to 1740 and were often used on the furniture designed by Kent. Rosewood was employed at quite the end of the eighteenth century, though it has been used for the purpose of inlay since the days of the Tudors. The novice, if he wishes to make a fine collection, should first of all go to museums and houses where he knows he can find undoubted examples of old furniture, until he gradually acquires the intuition

of knowing the genuine thing from the forgery, as well as the general appearance of pieces of different dates and origins. On the other hand, if he merely wishes to furnish his house with old things, he should put himself into the hands of a reputable and honest dealer.

We think that the first thing to guard against is the specimen which is French polished; that is to say, covered with the red, sticky, treacherous medium which one finds smeared over furniture of all woods and periods, to the obliteration of the grain and natural colour of the wood. This treatment was introduced in the middle of the last century. It is very difficult to know whether the piece is genuine unless this is removed, which should be insisted upon, and it must be remembered that when the polish is removed the wood appears dull and lifeless; however, if the piece proves to be an old one, a great deal of its original beauty of colour and grain can be brought back by simply oiling and waxing and repeated polishings with a soft cloth. Many collectors will reject any piece of furniture, however genuine, unless it possesses its

original patina and colour, which only age and constant attention can give it.

The most difficult thing to detect is what is called "made up" furniture; that is to say, pieces made up of old wood. For instance, old panelling and carved fronts of oak chests, worth a few pounds, are converted into oak buffets or cupboards, for which one is asked fifty pounds or more, according to their importance. The carcasses of these pieces should always be examined very carefully, and the presence in unusual places of nail-holes or signs where locks or hinges have once been, should be regarded with great suspicion. The general decoration and construction should be studied; unless the carving has been added when the piece was "made up," one will often find odd bits of carving inserted that have no relation to each other, and which, if looked at with a critical eye, will impress one as being obviously out of place. The dates on oak furniture should always be disregarded until the genuineness of the piece has been proved by its internal evidence of construction, condition and carving.

Table-chairs or monks' benches, the back working on a hinge or wood-peg to form a table, are frequently made up from an ordinary old oak armchair or bench and a table top, in consequence of the rarity of the genuine article. The ordinary plain but genuine oak gate-leg table with plain turned legs can be bought very cheaply, but the example with spiral legs, and especially those with spiral under stretchers, fetch a great deal more money owing to their scarcity. The genuine spirals were done with a hand lathe, and had sometimes two and three separate spirals, which are somewhat uneven and show the individual hand of the workman, whereas the modern ones display all the



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A SHERATON BOOKCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hard regularity of the machine. Moreover, a close scrutiny will also show the rough stain of the freshly-cut wood, unless it has been hidden under some thick colouring matter. The surface of the carving on both oak and mahogany should show the same colour and wear as the rest of the piece; and though the forger takes the greatest care to rub down the edges of his new work and to colour in his tool marks, he is, after all, only mortal, and a careful examination will show a rough edge which would have been worn down, or a chip of newly cut wood which would have never remained so light in colour during the course of two or three centuries.

It is curious how comparatively few plain mahogany tripod tables one comes across, the reason being that they are eagerly bought up by the forger for a few pounds, and emerge again carved and glorified at ten or twenty times the original value. Certainly eighty per cent. of the tripod tables and rectangular "silver-tables" with spindle or fret galleries or richly-carved edges which the writer has seen lately have been forgeries. In judging these tables one should first of all see that



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QUEEN ANNE.



GEORGE I.



"Country Life."

WILLIAM III.

the balance of the table is correct. The addition of a gallery or the reduction of the size of the top by carving may make it too clumsy or too light, as the case may be, for the size of the legs. Next, the pillar or the points of the toes may have been carved away, which will at once give the table an appearance of insecurity. Again, the fret or gallery and top must be examined for any sign of colouring matter, and absence of original surface and fine marks of sand-paper are an almost infallible proof that it has been through the hands of the restorer.

A tripod table was recently offered to the writer, which at first sight appeared to be a very rare example of Chippendale's finest work. The top had a very richly carved and shaped border; the pillar and legs were noble in proportion and also very finely carved. But, looking at the table from a constructional point of view, the proportions of the lower part seemed a trifle heavy for the top. On examining the carving, parts here and there showed traces of having been recently rubbed down, and there was a difference in the "skin" at the top next the carved edge compared with the centre, which was of rich and beautiful colour and in an untouched condition. On looking at the underneath part of the top, the ends of both supports, which were used to strengthen the table, had been undoubtedly shortened, and the screws appeared too close to the end. The problem now became interesting, and on carefully examining the outer edge below the carving two minute holes at each end were found carefully filled with new soft putty. The case was now proved, because the tell-tale holes had originally contained the points of the old screws, the shaping of the top having necessitated their removal. The table had been a fine old Spanish mahogany piece of about 1750, with probably a plain top and a heavy pillar, massive legs and club feet, a type which is a veritable find for the "faker," who can work to his heart's content on its virgin simplicity. Tripod tables with what are termed "pie-crust" or "ribbon" edges should be carefully scrutinised in a strong light. Genuine examples of the eighteenth century are invariably cut out of a solid piece of wood, with top and rim all in one; but those that are "faked" have the pie-crust or ribbon added to the original top, though when the whole of the top is new it is often carved out of the solid piece as of old.

There is a great deal of spurious satinwood furniture on the market, but this is more easily detected than mahogany, owing to the light colour of the wood and the difficulty of concealing the new colouring matter. Let it be borne in mind that all satinwood in its original state is white, but the beautiful mellow honey colour of old satinwood is due more to age than to artificial colouring. New satinwood is hard and vulgar in its garishness, while the old is soft and quiet in tone. Genuine bureau bookcases in satinwood are rare and expensive, and the writer has seen old pieces from which the original mahogany veneer has been stripped and replaced by new satinwood—a forgery which, if successful, would more than double their value.

Care must be taken when choosing inlaid pieces that one buys the English examples, and not the Dutch, as both these countries were occupied in producing them at the same periods. Our own workmanship is far superior both in construction, cabinet-making and inlaying. Many Dutch artists in marquetry came to England towards the end of the seventeenth century, and it is difficult to decide whether the work of that date was done by a Dutch or an English hand, but the marquetry which is well and carefully done and is reserved and quiet in decoration is generally accepted as having been done in England. The revival of inlaid work which took place in England about one hundred years later is in every way superior to that done in Holland at the same time, and when once a comparison has been made between the delicate inlay added to the most perfect cabinet-making produced at that period in England and the rough, coarse articles made by our neighbours over the water, the collector will never hesitate in making the right choice.

By the term "old furniture," nothing later than that of the eighteenth century is usually implied, though good work was done in the early years of the last century as far as actual workmanship was concerned. Taste gradually, however, became worse and worse, until the most ghastly horrors were perpetrated in the way of design, though still well made and of good material. It is perhaps as well to make a rule, to which, however, exceptions must be allowed, to buy nothing later than that of eighteenth century date if the purchaser wants to surround himself with things which will be always pleasant to live with.



Copyright.

"Country Life."

INLAID WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

Old lacquered furniture of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, whether it be Oriental or European, blends harmoniously with all Old English furniture, except the lighter and more delicate products of the end of the eighteenth century. The most prized and by far the most beautiful is the work of the Chinese and Japanese of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. The incised cabinets and screens of the former, decorated with the most beautiful pigments and gold, provide a feast of colour for the eye. The early work of the Japanese is usually found in cabinets, and the scheme of decoration is black and gold, and, though sombre, is beautiful, the gold work being of the utmost delicacy and refinement. The European work is very coarse compared with the Oriental, but is pleasing and harmonious in tone. The market abounds with imitations, most of which are crude and garish, but have to be examined carefully, because they are apt to pass muster at a distance. The real old red lacquer is most beautiful in colour, rich but not glaring, and genuine pieces are very rare. Many spurious pieces are being offered for sale, and old black lacquer cabinets have reappeared with a red coat; but the modern red lacquer is dull and lifeless. Black and gold japanned furniture, some of which was pretty and graceful, appeared for a short time in the early years of the nineteenth century. It is generally most suitable for bedrooms, and the chairs are cane-seated. When offered "long" sets of dining-room chairs one should examine each one, because sets of twelve or more of the same date are rare. Original sets were often divided among members of the family, who subsequently had them copied, perhaps many years ago. Likewise, armchairs should be carefully chosen, as, being of more value, the arms are often added to single chairs by dishonest dealers. An armchair should always be rejected if the arm covers the carving of the back, for the workman of former days would never do that. The carving should be finished off immediately above and below the join of the arm.

As to price, the ordinary plain old furniture can be bought at present at the same figure as, or less than, the modern article, and the value is very much greater from all points of view; but prices are going up, old things are becoming more scarce and, to a much greater extent than people think, are being exported both to France and to the Colonies. America for long has been annually draining the country of large quantities; but since the duty of sixty per cent. has been taken off and everything over one hundred years old is allowed in duty free, enormous quantities of Old English furniture of every kind, and also silver, Sheffield plate, china and glass, have left the country never to return. For rare and beautiful specimens, very large prices are obtained, and unless the purchaser is sure of his own judgment he should get expert opinion, and always a guarantee from the seller. Forgeries are done by such skilled and highly-paid workmen that a table will perhaps cost in actual work-sheet wages fifty pounds to make, and the seller reckons to get for it two or three hundred pounds. Auction sales, particularly in private houses, often prove dangerous pitfalls, and unless the would-be purchaser has his own or somebody else's expert knowledge upon which he can rely, he had far better buy from a dealer, when he can examine the piece at his leisure, and, if necessary, return it in the event of both the dealer and himself having been taken in.

Though the trend of this article has been to warn the would-be buyer against worthless imitations, it must not be supposed that there are no honest dealers. There are many such who are continually refusing things offered them by the professional "faker"; but the tendency is, except among the few, to take the piece for granted so long as it passes a cursory examination, and not to know too much about it for fear of finding out that it is not all that it purports to be. Therefore it is important to deal not only with the man who has the knowledge, but with one who, at the same time, honestly examines every piece before he offers it for sale. When all is said, the buyer of furniture has to rely largely on his own judgment, which will mature as the result of careful study of authentic pieces and their pictures. The illustrations here shown are all of notable specimens, and should be examined in the light of the descriptions which follow:

On page 555 is shown an inlaid mahogany bookcase, with a classical cornice consisting of a broken pediment flanked by a spindle

gallery with urns; the cupboards and drawers below are bow-shaped, divided by round fluted columns. These latter, with the half-round panels of the glazed lattice doors of the upper part, in which appear the Prince of Wales's feathers, place this cabinet in the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

The first illustration on page 556 shows a high-back single chair with embossed leather back and seat, which is very Dutch in character; the pillars are carved and the elaborate cresting is surmounted by a shell, which appears also on the lower rail of the back and again on the seat rail; the legs are slightly cabriole and have splayed feet, which have a suggestion of the hoof foot so often found in Dutch furniture. The stretcher joins those at the side and lies back from the front legs. The date is about 1680.

The second is a photograph of an armchair showing the development of the Queen Anne type, with the round top rail and the openwork wood back made by Chipendale. The back, front rail and cabriole legs are carved in relief; the latter are hocked and finish in rounded toes. This chair was probably made during the reign of George I.

The third shows a richly-carved high-back single chair; the centre splat and rails, consisting of elaborate scrolls, are supported

by two carved pillars. The serpentine stretchers, with milled cups on the legs and bun feet, date this chair early in the reign of William and Mary.

The fourth illustrates a dressing-mirror inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the stand, containing drawers and pigeon-holes, resembles a miniature writing bureau; below is a drawer with shaped front containing boxes—brushes and combs—and was in fashion at the end of the seventeenth century.

The photograph on this page shows an oak four post bed with panelled tester and an open frieze of leaf and scroll decoration. The back is richly carved with arched panels and amorini on either side; beneath, in the centre, is a medallion portrait of a monk or saint suspended by ribbons; the tester rests on carved columns springing from a cup-shaped support with spreading foot, which stands on a four-legged pedestal with owls' masks at the corners protecting a flaming lamp. English, seventeenth century.

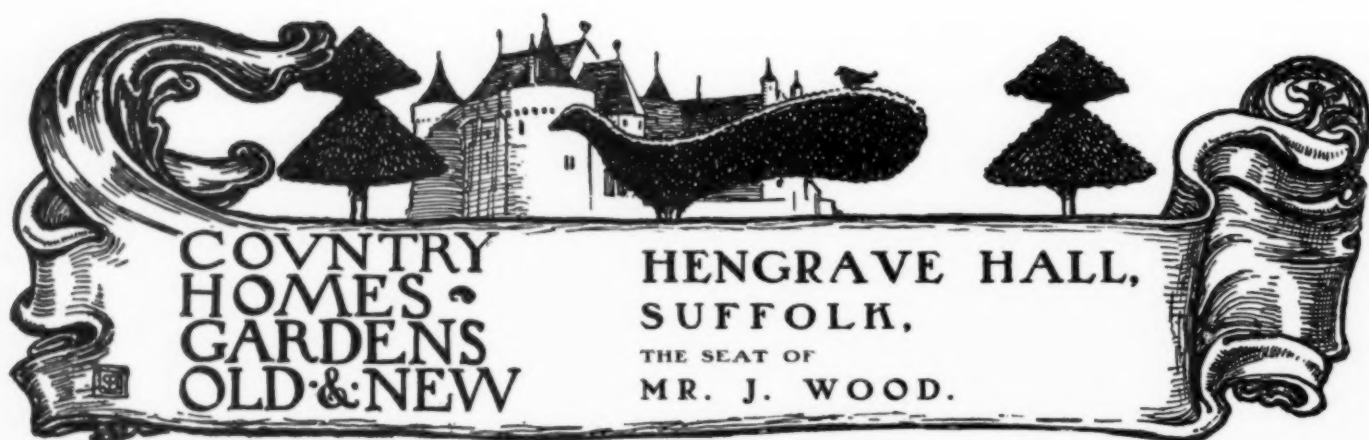
BASIL OXENDEN.



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AN OAK BEDSTEAD AT SPEKE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE pleasure which we derive from a visit to any of the houses that date from the early half of the sixteenth century is often tinged with regret that intervening generations have not respected them. Often they are but fragments patched up as farmhouses. Or they are great houses with the original work obscured by eighteenth century accretions or still more destructive nineteenth century restorations. Knebworth is one of the saddest examples of the latter fate, while the Inigo Jones treatment of Abbot Chard's

buildings at Forde Abbey carries with it the consolation of replacing that which is destroyed by equally fine examples of another style. Hengrave Hall, on the other hand, has retained its original exterior appearance in a very great degree. Portions of its fabric were torn away when the interior was remodelled in 1775. But the main architectural features of its elevations, both within and without its quadrangle, are retained, so that it stands as one of the most considerable and striking specimens of the delightful manner in which Englishmen built at a time when they

were still impregnated with the Gothic spirit and yet loved to dally lightly with the new forms and details that Italy was sending them. But the interest does not end here. Hengrave is remarkable not only as illustrating a type, but also as having remarkable individuality. South-East England took the lead in rehousing itself sumptuously when the advent of the Tudors gave a promise of peace to a long-distracted land. Such houses as East Barsham and Layer Marney in Norfolk and Essex were followed by Sutton and Hampton Court in Surrey and Middlesex. The characteristic material of such buildings was red brick, and Hengrave stands out as an exception. Erected in a stoneless region, stone is the leading and conspicuous substance of its walls, for although much of them is of brick, yet this was made to tone in humbly with its more lordly associate and was, with this object, baked to a yellowy white tone. Within the quadrangle and on the west elevation a finely-wrought ashlar prevails, and even on the south side it is so freely used in conjunction with the brick that the impression of kinship with West Country building is not removed. The triple bay window which was made the leading feature of the south or principal side closely resembles the great bay of Thornbury Castle, although that bay and, indeed, the whole castle as originally projected are on a larger scale. But there is more than an architectural connection between Hengrave and Thornbury, and it may be surmised that, had Henry VIII's greatest nobleman not started to build himself a palace in Gloucestershire, London's richest merchant might not have raised a country seat in Suffolk.

While Plantagenets succeeded each other on the throne, Hengrave was held by



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THE PORTAL.

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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a family of the great monastic house of St. Edmunds Bury who became known by the name of their manor. Sir Thomas de Hengrave was the last male of his race, and his executors soon after his death in 1419 sold the estate. Ere long it was again in the market, and Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, added it to his great possessions. The battlefield or the scaffold ended the days of the successive heads of the Stafford family. Duke Humphrey lost his life at Northampton in 1460. Richard III. beheaded his quondam friend, Duke Henry, in 1483 and seized his estates. Two years later Henry VII.

restored them to Duke Edward, whose wealth and blood gave him great ambitions. Of these the building of Thornbury was one of the manifestations. It was to be of royal size and splendour, and it strained the resources of the mighty landowner. Certain outlying estates might well be sacrificed, and with Thornbury half built and loudly calling for funds, the Duke sold the Hengrave manor to Thomas Kytson in 1521. The following year his ideas of his importance and destiny appeared to the King to be annoying, if not dangerous, and alter the usual judicial formalities he had his head removed. Kytson had



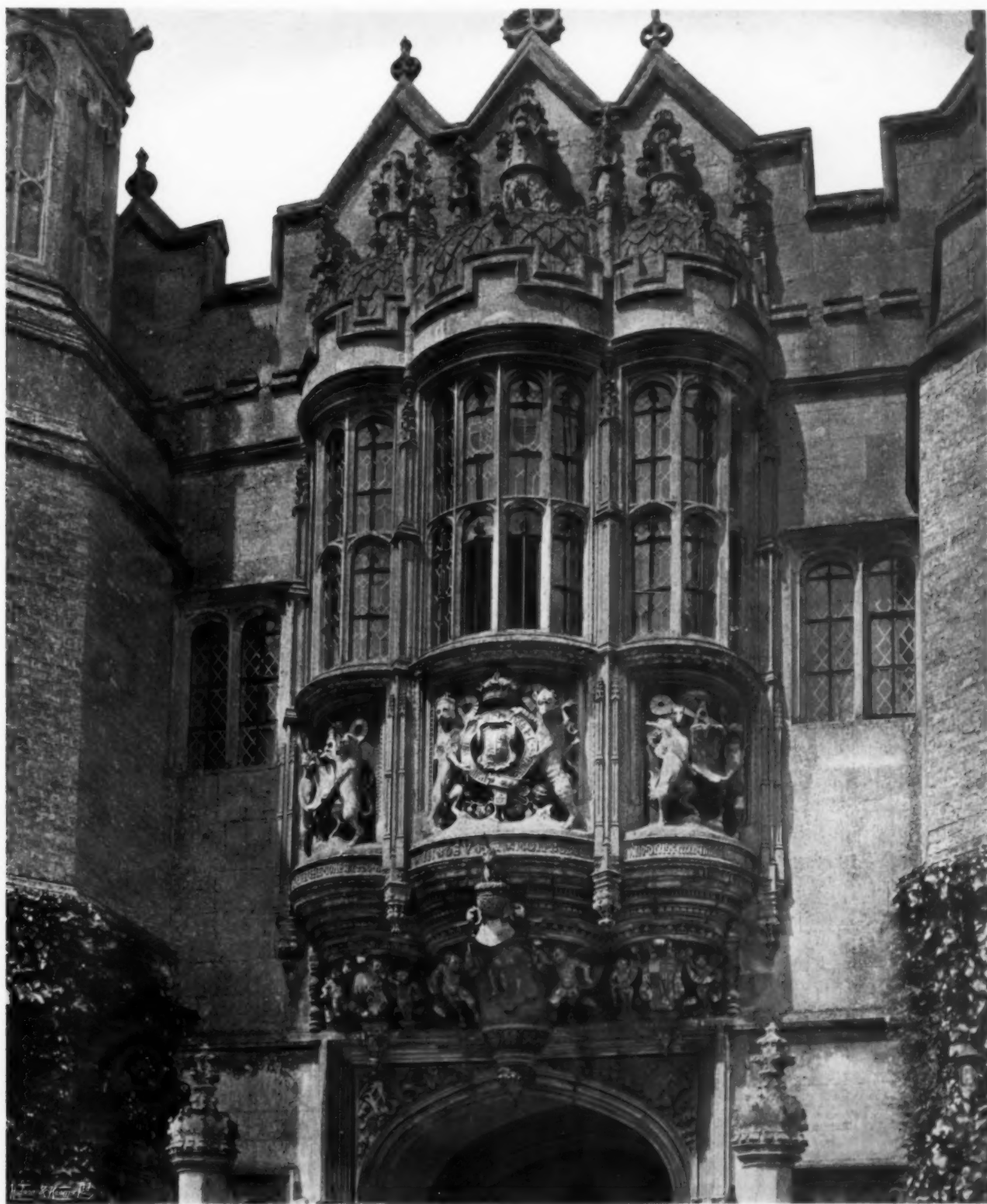
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THE NORTH END OF THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

obtained Hengrave just in time. As it was, his title needed an Act of Parliament to confirm it. "Kytson the merchant," as that Act styles him, was a citizen and mercer of London, of Lancashire descent. The vast profits of his trading as one of the Merchant Adventurers, who dealt largely in cloth at the Flemish fairs, were converted into acres. In Somerset, Devon and Dorset he acquired estates, as well as in Suffolk, where the dissolution of the monasteries enabled him before his death to add to Hengrave several manors that had belonged to

Eastawe" bargains with Sir Thomas Kytson to "mackle a house at Hengrave of all manor of mason's worck, bricklaying and all other things concerning ye masondrie and bricklaying, as well as the labourers concerning the same, according to a frame which the said Ihon has seen." The design may have come from London, as did "Dyriche, the joyner, and Bartholomew his svaunt" and other of the more skilled artisans, such as "Davy, the carvar" and John Sparke, freemason, who receives payment for the "baye wyndowe in the parlar." John Sparke's



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THE TRIPLE BAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

St. Edmund's Abbey. But there was money left for building nobly, and he started operations in 1525. He carried the business habits of the City counting-house into the country, and even transmitted them to his successors, so that we are able by surviving accounts and inventories to trace how Hengrave was first built and afterwards inhabited. We know the names of the chief masons, joiners, carvers and glaziers employed, and only that of the architect or designer is denied to us. That someone made a model or "frame" is certain, for "Ihon

bay is that over the "portall" of the gatehouse, and he may have been acquainted with and even had a share in the Thornbury bay. Certainly he and the carvers who were with him were masters of their craft. They possessed the skill of the English school and had a knowledge of foreign art. The Hengrave gatehouse is essentially Gothic in form and detail, nearly as much so as the work at Thornbury and at Compton Wynyates. The archway is of full Perpendicular character, and so are the crocketed shafts which ornament the angles of the triple bay. The bay, like the

rest of the house, is battlemented, and it is roofed with half-cupolas, wrought in ashlar. The same fashion of richly-crocketed cupolas, resembling those used at Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster thirty years earlier, appears on the turrets that flank the gateway. Below the cupolas are panels of rich Gothic window tracery. Nor are the manner of corbelling out the bay or the details of the corbels other than native, yet the supports to the corbels are purely foreign. The winged angels that had been in such universal use in fifteenth century England are ousted by Pagan boys, some naked and some in Roman armour. They support shields with the arms of

with their rubbed brick "schancks" are specially committed to his care. A "fine soffit" in the inner court is also included in his contract, but the hall oriel is excluded from it. It projects from the wall of the court that faces the entrance, and its chief exterior embellishment consists of four finials on which heraldic animals sit in the same manner as the "Kynges beestes" so profusely used by Henry at Hampton Court. The rich fan-vaulting within the bay is a fine piece of purely Gothic work, and like the cupolas is an echo of the Westminster Chapel. If the originator of the "frame" of the house is unknown, we hear a good deal of the clerk of the works. Robert Watson is "ruler



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THE SOUTH-WEST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Kytsons and of the families with which they mated. The panels below the windows are also heraldically treated. The Royal arms and supporters are boldly sculptured in the central panel. Though several of the shields bear later blazoning, the sculpture is all of the day of Sir Thomas Kytson, and reflects the highest credit on the craftsmanship of John Sparke and his comrades. We have no finer or better-preserved example of the work of the artist-masons of King Henry VIII.'s day than this central feature of Hengrave's entrance façade. John Eastawe was no doubt the local builder and was only concerned with the simpler portions of the structure. But the thoroughly East Anglian chimneys

of the building," and his name appears in the indenture wherein his employer "hathe bargeynyd and covenanted with Thomas Neker of Gret Fransh^m in the Counte of Norfolke, for the seelyng of his place in Hengrave and also other doyngs as hereafter shall be expressed." Much plastering was done at Hengrave, and we hear of twelve tons of plaster coming from Northamptonshire; but Thomas Neker's "seelyng" was joiner's work and included doors, wainscoting, cupboards and fixed benches against the walls. One item is a little perplexing. The hall is to have "a frett on y^e floor w^t hangyng pendants; voute facyon." This sounds like a ribbed plaster ceiling with

pendentives such as we find at Sizergh, Gilling and many other houses of Elizabethan date. Such, however, had not been introduced in her father's time. He and his Cardinal-Minister produced something of like effect at Hampton Court by using wood ribs that bend down to form a pendant after the manner of stone vaulting, and by introducing ornaments moulded out of a kind of papier-mâché or cut out of lead. Such a ceiling survives in the Watching Chamber and will have been set up there while Hengrave was in the builders' hands. No doubt Sir Thomas employed Neker to ceil his hall in this fashion, and not with an open hammer-beam roof such as that which has now been introduced.

The duties of the "ruler of the building" carried Robert Watson afar, for the needed materials took much collecting. Some bricks were made on the spot, but others came from the brickfields belonging to the Abbey of St. Edmund. Thus in 1530 twenty pounds ten shillings are "paide to my Lorde of Bury for a clamp of brick" containing one hundred and twenty-four thousand two hundred. The stone was mostly obtained from the King's Cliffe quarries in Northamptonshire. The journey was long and arduous. It cost one shilling and twopence per load to convey it from the quarry to the water-side. Thence it came by the waterway to Brandon or to Worlington in Suffolk, where again recourse was had to carting, and at one time Robert Watson was employing forty carters for the purpose. The stone cost over five shillings a ton before it reached Hengrave, so that it was an expensive material compared to bricks, which came to four shillings and eightpence per thousand delivered. Cheaper stone, however, was obtained before the building operations came to a close. The Lesser Monasteries were dissolved in 1536, and in the Hengrave accounts for that year we find a payment of two shillings and threepence "for pickaxys at Ixworth," and one of twenty-nine shillings and threepence for the carriage of twenty loads of stone from that suppressed house of religion, which was also one of the many sources from which lead was obtained. The timber, which will all have been oak, came very largely from Combe Wood. There Robert Watson spent three weeks in 1531 "to superintend the gret fell of woode for the manor place." By 1535 the work of constructing the fabric must have been complete, for Watson is present in London when Sir Thomas paid John Eastawe "the last money he recd." Finishing touches, however, still went on, for the building account, which opens in 1525, does not close till 1538, when Sir Thomas had carved on the triple bay, together with his Sovereign's motto, words in Latin that testify that Thomas Kytson had this work done in the year of our Lord MCCCCXXVIII. As we hear of the materials of the old house being used again, there can be no doubt that Sir Thomas's hall replaced the earlier one of the de Hengraves. That was demolished, and the new one must have occupied the same site. The close proximity of the church is evidence of this, and we also find that, preparatory to John Eastawe's laying the foundations in 1525, Sir Thomas undertook to "clense y^e mote as far as y^e fondacyon of y^e wall." The new Hengrave, therefore, stood in the old moat. A pictorial map of the place made in Elizabeth's time shows the house rising sheer out of the water on three sides, but on the north side a bowling green lay between the walls and the water. The southern entrance was approached across a bridge ornamented with panels and devices of cut flint, such as we see introduced into the fabric of

East Anglian churches. Before the bridge was reached an outer court, approached through a gatehouse and surrounded by offices and stables, had to be crossed. All this was swept away in the seventeenth century when the present stables were built. Later on the moat was filled in and the house was curtailed, as shown in the plan of 1775, which is reproduced. The moat, out of which the house rose and in which it was reflected, must have greatly added to the dignity and effect of the south façade, and its replacement on the same lines as those recently advocated in *COUNTRY LIFE* in the case of the West Front of Hampton Court is a scheme well worth considering.

The plan adopted by Sir Thomas had, like the architecture, a good deal that was individual. Although the great portal did not admit centrally to the inner court, symmetry was given to the south front by extending it eastward as a wing, and until 1775 that wing matched the building to the west of the portal.



Copyright.

THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The other façades were treated with much more freedom; the destroyed kitchen wing must have assumed the haphazard form revealed by the plan, either from purely utilitarian causes or because it was merely an adaptation of part of the buildings of the older house.

Passing through the archway under the triple-bayed parlour, the visitor finds himself, not as usual in the open, but in a corridor which runs round three sides of a court, the fourth side of which is occupied by the hall. This was entered behind screens and had an oriel at the dais end as of old, but it departed from the mediæval type in not being lit on both sides. Its north wall merely partitions it off from another set of rooms. Sir Thomas Kytson's designer gave him a more compact disposition and more developed accommodation than we generally find until much later on in the century. We hear of no additions made by his widow or his son, so that the enumeration of the apartments made

in an inventory dated 1603 must essentially represent the house as it stood in 1538. Besides the great hall, the long gallery, the chapel and the armoury, there were a dining-room and both summer and winter parlours. The offices included every possible adjunct for a self-supporting household, so much so that there was both a "candell house" and a "candell chamber"—a place for manufacturing as well as one for storing that necessary product. But the most noticeable point is the remarkable number of "chambers" or bedrooms. Over fifty are enumerated,

some of the arras had the arms of his son and daughter-in-law worked into the borders. But "Kytson the merchant," with his vast wealth and his trade connections with the most civilised portions of the Continent—he had a business house and "servaunts" in Antwerp—will have vied with the greatest men of the land in the outfitting as well as in the building of his manor place.

In 1540 he was reaching the culmination of his hopes and plans. His fortune and position were assured; his house was



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THE HALL ORIEL: EXTERIOR VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

commencing with the "chiefe or Queen's chamber," and including one for the "dayrye mayd." The more important are very fully furnished and the walls sumptuously hung with tapestry. The great chamber, besides several small pieces, has "eight large pieces of fine arras hanging, parke work, wth great beasts and fowls, 160 yards." In other rooms the arras was "forest work" or "imagery work." Much of the furnishing must have been done after Sir Thomas's time, and, indeed,

built and furnished. He had added to Hengrave several manors that had belonged to the Abbey of Bury. His young wife had given him four daughters, and there was expectation of a male heir. He was fifty-one, in the prime of life, with capacity for reaping a rich harvest of enjoyment from the fair field of his realised endeavours. Then suddenly death came upon him. As he "lay within his manor of Hengrave," too sick to make his will, he was asked whether it was not his intention that the lady

his wife, should have his estates and fortune. "Yea, marry, shall she," answered he. Then he passed away, leaving an immensely rich widow of thirty-one years of age to agitate the matrimonial market. In a very short time Dame Margaret Kytson became Lady Long. But her second husband soon followed her first, and she paused a while before, in December, 1548, she married John Bouchier, second Earl of Bath, and on

joint lives of himself and the Lady Margaret, unless he was occupied with the King's affairs." But the prudent lady—who in her matrimonial businesses reminds us of Bess of Hardwick, whose son was to wed her grand-daughter—also stipulated that a number of the Earl's manors should be conveyed to her for her life, and that her personal estate should be at her absolute disposal. Sir Thomas Kytson, besides



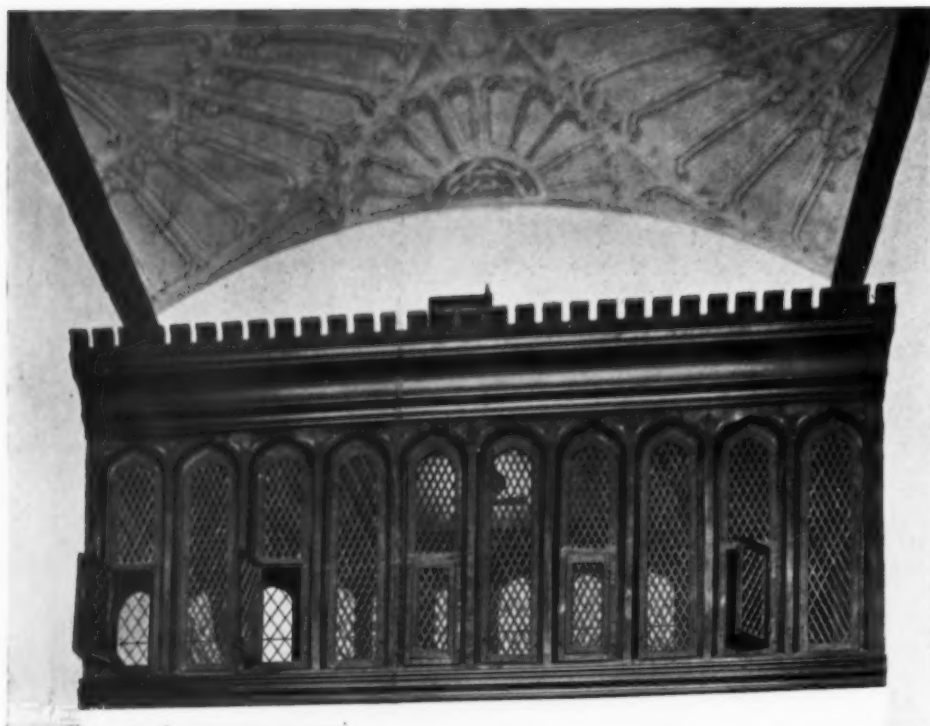
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THE HALL ORIEL: INTERIOR VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the same day saw her daughter the wife of his heir. Her third husband had no seat equal to that which her first had left her, and so it was stipulated in the marriage articles that "forasmuch as the dwelling at the manor house of the Lady Margaret at Hengrave in the county of Suffolk was very commodious, profitable, necessary and delectable, for the health, wealth and pleasure of the Earl; he should reside there during the

estates in half-a-dozen counties, had left large sums invested in trade or in loans. Most of these sums were "good dettys," and though there were some others that were reckoned "dowtefull" and even "desperate detts," Lady Bath's moneyed wealth must have been enormous for her day, while the lists of her household effects and of her jewellery, plate and apparel, all of which were inserted in her 1548 settlement, are endless. Not long after



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GALLERY SCREEN: THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE CHAPEL WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

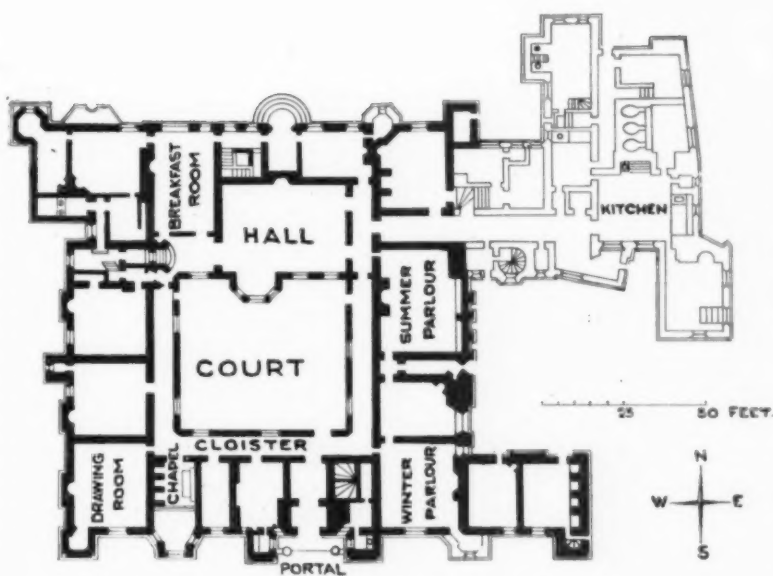
Elizabeth began to reign the Earl and Countess of Bath passed away, and a sumptuous tomb in Hengrave Church commemorates the lady and her husbands. She outlived the third for a year, and when she died in 1561 her son, Thomas Kytson the younger, was just of age and was already wedded to his second wife, a daughter of Sir Thomas Cornwallis of Brome in Suffolk. Marriage into this Catholic family brought some suspicion of recusancy upon the new lord of Hengrave, but did not prevent his entertaining the Queen on the occasion of her progress through the county. Moving south from Norwich she lay at Thetford and went "from thence to Sir Thomas Kytson's where, in very deede, the fare and banquet did so exceede a number of other places that it is worthy the mention. A show representing the fayries, as well as might be, was there seene; in the which show a riche jewell was presented to the Queen's Highness." She knighted her host, and "Queen Elizabeth's Walk" has remained as a token of the Royal visit. Sir Thomas, indeed, was a considerable horticulturist. In 1575 the steward's accounts show that a "Duchman gardner" was brought over from Norwich "to viewe y^e orchardes, gardyns and walkes," and, no doubt, as a result of his advice he was paid forty shillings for "clypping the knotts, altering the alleys, setting the grounde, finding herbs and bordering the same." On another occasion a man receives a shilling for bringing young quince trees. What the garden lacked was welcomed from elsewhere by Lady Kytson, for there appears the item of sixpence: "In rewarde to a poore fellowe wh^o brought arthurchokes from Keninghall unto my mres and plomes."

Sir Thomas the younger was the last of the male line of Kytson. His elder daughter bore no children to her husband, Sir Charles Cavendish, and it was left to her successor to be the ancestress of the Dukes of Newcastle. The second daughter became Lady Darcy, and quarrelled and separated from her husband before he was made Earl Rivers. Of this match daughters only survived, and it was the younger one, Penelope, to whom the Hengrave property came in 1644. Her successor there was her third son by her second husband. Sir Edward Gage was the ancestor of a line that continued to hold Hengrave until recent times, but we have seen how it became shorn of much of its substance and of still more of its interior features in 1775. Quite recently, as several of the accompanying illustrations show, much new and elaborate work, founded on the style that prevailed in the time of Sir Thomas, the builder, has been introduced, while care is taken to preserve every remaining portion and feature of its invaluable Early Tudor fabric. T.

SPRING SALMON-FISHING.

SLOWLY through the pale and mystic gateways of the east the dawn emerged. The gold and the saffron showed, and the morning broke fresh and fair over a remote Highland loch. There was a slight breeze astir and a ripple was on the water. And because of this, Hamish, the gillie, was pleased, for at this early hour of the April morning he was getting the boat and the trolling-rods in preparation for a day's salmon-angling with two English gentlemen residing at the hotel near by. It had been arranged with the gillie that they were to make an early

start, and thus it was that in another few minutes' time the boat containing the two anglers was moving slowly over the loch, Hamish at the oars. And what a grand morning it was! All around the enthusiastic party, as far as the eye could travel, there were signs, many and various, that life in the wide Nature world of hill, glen and moor had sprung anew. The jines paid out, minnows being used as lures, the anglers made themselves "at home" in their small craft, and took occasion to survey the scene about them while awaiting events. There was a soft, mild touch about the air, and there was no mistaking that the breeze, which was just sufficient to put the loch in good angling trim, blew from the south-west. As the day wore and more declared itself, the pleasure of being out on the loch increased, and Hamish's "chentle men" were in the best of spirits, for, according to the always optimistic gillie, there were plenty spring fish in the loch. But this remained to be proved. And now of a sudden one of the anglers grasped his rod and held it so that it curved like an archer's bow. The other angler reeled in his line, and Hamish ceased rowing, for a fish had been hooked. Whirr! went the line, and the salmon made its first rush for freedom. Fifty yards or so had been let out when, for some inexplicable reason, the fish stopped, wheeled, and came somewhat rapidly towards them. For a moment the strain on the line was relaxed, but only for a moment, as the angler reeled in quickly. The line taut, the next few minutes passed with the fish holding its own by sulking deep down in the dark water. But the pressure put on the line by the angler acted upon the salmon with much the same effect as a set line upon a pike. Unable to bear any longer the gnawing pain of the hooks tugging at its jaws, the fish was compelled to rise to the surface. Now was the occasion on which it would probably show itself. The question arose—Was it a kelt or a spring salmon? It manoeuvred about here and there for a minute, and then it rose into the air



THE PLAN MADE IN 1775.

The portions marked light were then demolished.

with a lunge. The eyes of the gillie were quick to detect, and he spoke the truth when he exclaimed: "She is not a spring salmon whatever, but only a tammed kelt."

Within another two minutes a long and lanky, bright silvery creature was brought alongside of the boat. Hamish lowered the landing-net and lifted the fish from the water, muttering: "A kelt, to be shure, and a verra poor kelt, too." The fish, which appeared to be about ten pounds in weight, was carefully released from the hooks and returned by Hamish to its native element. It was evidently very much exhausted with the struggle, for it lay in the water gasping until it was lost to view through sinking to a depth which the eye could not penetrate. Now, there are some anglers, a great many anglers I am inclined to say, who are very loath to return kelt to the water, even although they are faced with the fact that the law does not allow the angler to

retain a spawned salmon, and it was to this class of sportsmen that the two gentlemen in the boat belonged. Said the captor of the returned fish to his companion as he rebaited the spinner with a fresh minnow—"A kelt is better than no fish at all; and, at least, one salmon, kelt or spring fish, we must have before we are finished."

And Hamish, who would not be a party to the killing of a kelt for all the whisky in the Highlands, perhaps said to himself as he recommenced the labours of oaring: "And it will be no kelt that will be killed while I am in this boat this day"; while, with hopes revived, the anglers again let out their lines. Merrily the boat coursed across the loch. Not an ominous-looking cloud was there in the sky, but it was well the weather was not too bright either, for Hamish well knew from experience that a bright day does not conduce to good sport with the trolling-rod. High up a lark was trilling, while an occasional flock of other birds passed over the boat and its



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HENGRAVE HALL: THE DINING-ROOM MANTEL-PIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

enthusiastic occupants from time to time. There was little or no conversation among the company, as all were keen on getting sport. Every minute was full of expectation, and not more than half-an-hour had elapsed since the last fish was returned to the water before the merry shriek of the reel once again enlivened matters.

"Hope this is a spring fish this time," exclaimed the angler whose bait it had taken. But the hope was shattered. After giving about ten to fifteen minutes' good play, an exceedingly well-mended kelt was hoisted into the boat. At first sight both anglers certified the beautiful gleaming creature, which had a coat as clear as a new shilling, as undoubtedly a spring-run fish; but it was Hamish, the gillie, who was the final arbiter of the salmon's destiny. And Hamish, he said what was true, although his statement, "Ah, no, chentlemen, she is only a kelt, to pe shure," caused bitter disappointment to the anglers. He who had caught the fish remonstrated; but the old gillie was not to be wheedled. Hamish returned the living bar of silver to the water, remarking as he did so that, "She is only a well-mended kelt, and no good can come of killing her whatever. It's tammed bad luck, and the spring fish, there will pe many of them in the loch, to pe sure."

With a second fish having to be returned to the water, the anglers were feeling, to say the least, down-hearted; but the fact was that on the question of kelt *versus* spring salmon they had to bow before the opinion of their gillie and boatman. Once again the party were in full sail, so to speak. Nothing happened until they were making their way over what Hamish said was the deepest part of the loch, and then it was that almost simultaneously both lines went whirling out from their respective reels. Now such an occurrence happens but seldom, and perhaps it is just as well, for all too obvious reasons. Each angler grasped his rod, and as the fish had to have much of their own way at first, it was only the advice of Hamish and dexterity on the part of the anglers that kept the lines from crossing and fouling. The game was to let one of the fish have plenty of scope while the other was being landed, and this policy, thanks to the wise gillie, proved successful. But their disgust can be imagined when the first of the two fish on being brought to the edge of the boat was seen to be a kelt in very ill condition. It was duly put back to the water, and then all interest centred in the other fish. It seemed to be a big one, so thought the angler who was playing it. The fish had got hold through being allowed too much of its own way and kept boring deep down. Then it moved round the boat in a semi-circle and, coming nearer and nearer, took up a dogged position almost directly under the cable.

"No kelt would fight so well. It is sure to be a spring fish this time," exclaimed the angler who was watching his friend battling with the fish, and he proceeded straightaway to toast the expected "springer," Hamish also joining in the toast. Gradually the salmon was worn out. The length of the line between it and the top of the rod became shorter and shorter, and the fish was brought to where the landing-net was lowered. But at the critical moment the arched rod became straight. The hold had given way.

Hamish, however, made a supreme effort with the handy instrument, and in doing so almost precipitated himself head over heels into the loch. He succeeded in getting the fish encircled within the meshes, but, said he, in a tone of despair the moment the glistening creature lay at the bottom of the boat, "My Gott, but it is only another of those tammed kelts!"

The fish was of about fifteen pounds' weight and in very fair condition, and it was clearly evident that the anglers were exceedingly anxious to be allowed to retain it. One of them proposed to the gillie in this manner: "Hamish, my man, we have come out to get a fish to-day. It is now ten o'clock, and we have been trolling harl for about five hours. We have already returned three kelts to the water, and as there does not seem to be much prospect of a clean fish, do you not think you could let us retain this one? It is a good kelt and does not differ much from a spring fish. We have a London friend to whom we promised to send a salmon to-day, and we may not get the chance of another."

But Hamish was not going to sacrifice his principle and break the law, and with a clearly disturbed look upon his honest, weather-beaten face, he replied: "Oh no, chentlemen, Hamish, he cannot allow anyone to kill the kelts. The fishing in the loch, it would be spoilt if everybody killed the kelts, and Hamish is fery, fery sorry; but no good can come of killing these tammed brutes whatever."

The anglers, seeing that their gillie was so steadfast in principle, conversed between themselves for a moment, and then one of them proceeded to explain to Hamish how they would make it well worth his while to allow them to retain the fish. But the conservative gillie could not accept the offer of a bribe, and so kelt number four went overboard.

The anglers were now very morose and sullen, and instructions were given for Hamish to land, so that they might have some lunch. And Hamish rowed them out of the shadow of the cliff they had been under and across the loch. The day had now fully disclosed itself, and as they made for the shore the glorious and radiant heralds of the sun sparkled forth and crept down upon the dark waters of the loch. The party saw the green mossy bank on which they proposed to lunch suddenly assume a lovely shimmering coating, the woods and hillsides became lit up with glorious effect, and those entrancing sights put the anglers in better spirits, so much so that they were soon on very good terms again with Hamish, who was buoyant with the hope of sport with spring salmon before the day was at an end.

And Hamish had his hope fulfilled, for in the afternoon two magnificent spring fish of sixteen pounds and nineteen pounds were killed, and although it was not he who caught them, there was not a happier gillie in all the Highlands that day. His "chentlemen" had got retainable fish after all, and he was very glad, for Hamish was like most Scotch gillies. Nothing, especially as he had caused so many kelts to be returned to the water, would have made him feel sorer at heart than to see the sportsmen who had "come to his boat" clearly annoyed at getting no fish. W. SORLEY BROWN.

IN THE GARDEN.

SHRUBS FOR DRY BANKS.

THE problem of finding a suitable covering for a dry bank or hillside which will give the greatest beauty at the smallest expense sometimes presents itself to the owners of gardens, and in the following notes an endeavour has been made to enumerate the plants most suitable for the purpose and to give an idea as to how they may be planted to obtain the best effect. Assuming that the ground is very poor, and that the owner does not wish to go to much expense, plants only are recommended that may be expected to thrive without special treatment. Some preparation of the soil is, of course, needful; but it simply means digging it over and burying grass and weeds.

One of the first plants that occur to mind is the Gorse, and there are few places in which it will not thrive. Good, however, as the common Gorse is, it has to give place in general usefulness for the garden to its double-flowered variety. This is of somewhat sturdier growth and flowers more profusely. It is well adapted for poor, rather hard ground, for then it becomes dense and short-jointed, and will continue in beauty for years without needing pruning. On rich ground it grows much ranker and produces fewer blooms. It, of course, flowers in spring, simultaneously with the type. For an autumn effect the French Gorse, *Ulex Gallii*, should be planted. It is much preferable to *Ulex nanus*, which blooms at the same time and is occasionally recommended for autumn flowering. Several of the *Cistus*es may be used with advantage, especially on poor ground, while they are useful for planting on land of a rocky character. Essentially sun-loving plants, they must have as open a position as possible. Unfortunately, the flowers, which open in May and June, are rather fleeting and are only seen to advantage during the morning. Good kinds to plant are *C. laurifolius*, which bears large white flowers and grows six feet high; *C. ladaniferus*, with white, reddish-blotched blooms; *C. florentinus*, *C. hirsutus*, *C. monspeliensis* and *C. recognitus*, all one foot to two feet high, with white flowers; and *C. purpureus*, *C. salvifolius* and *C. villosus* and its varieties with purplish flowers.

The Rock Roses or *Helianthemum*s are near relatives of the foregoing, quite as showy, and present a wider range of colour. Fortunately, owing to their growth, they may be used in conjunction with the *Cistus*es in such a way that the one adds additional charm to the other. While two or three species of

Helianthemum grow from one foot to two feet high, the majority rarely exceed six inches, but spread into large cushion-like masses. The most common is *C. vulgare*, and this may frequently be met with growing among short grass on hills and commons in many parts of the country. Under cultivation its yellow flowers have undergone a change, and many varieties may now be obtained, some of which have white, red, pink, scarlet or orange flowers; there are both single and double forms. Good varieties are *crocatum*, *croceum*, *croceum fl.-pl.*, *cupreum*, *diversifolium multiplex*, *Fireball*, *Magenta Queen*, *roseum multiplex*, *serpyllifolium* and *venustum*. Of other species, the following will be found to be a good selection: *Helianthemum alyssoides*, *H. formosum*, *H. halimifolium*, *H. ocyroides*, *H. polifolium* and *H. umbellatum*. Three fragrant plants which may well be used for the purpose are the Lavender, Rosemary and Sage.

The common *Berberis Aquifolium* must not be overlooked, for it is an excellent shrub and always looks well. A few of the wilder Roses are worth including, especially *Rosa rubrifolia*, *R. alpina*, *R. rugosa*, *R. spinosissima* and *R. wichuraiana*, the latter to ramble about at will. In chalky places the dwarf Junipers may be used, particularly the Savin and its prostrate variety; while in peaty places the various Heaths are delightful. The common Broom (*Cytisus scoparius*) is also worth including, while *Genista pilosa* forms a useful plant for a front place. D.

THE WATER-LILY TULIP.

THE season for Tulips is now with us again, and signs are not wanting that these old-fashioned flowers are regaining some of their erstwhile popularity. Among the many species which are found growing wild in different parts of the world, and which are quite distinct from the florists' varieties used so largely for bedding, none is more beautiful than the so-called Water-lily Tulip, *Tulipa kaufmanniana*, a beautiful flower which was introduced to this country from Turkestan so long ago as 1877. Bearing these two facts in mind, it is surprising that one so seldom meets with it in gardens or greenhouses in this country. It derives its popular name from the resemblance of the fully-opened blossoms to the common white Water-lily. These vary in colour from primrose yellow to white, and sometimes a bright red streak may be found on the outside of the petals. It usually attains a height of about one foot in the open garden, and rather more when grown in the greenhouse. The bulbs are best planted in a mass, a bed on a lawn where it is sheltered from cold east winds suiting it very well. For flowering in a cool greenhouse, about five or six bulbs should be planted in

a deep, well-drained pan some six inches in diameter, and the plants subsequently given quite cool treatment. There is now a very beautiful and rare variety of this handsome Tulip known as *Tulipa kaufmanniana aurea*. The flowers of this are longer than those of the type, and one I noticed in bloom in a cool greenhouse a few days ago was quite five inches long. The predominating colour of this variety is bright, rich golden yellow, but each petal has a broad band of scarlet running down the centre of its exterior surface. There are many of these wild Tulips that possess great beauty, and a good collection is usually to be found flowering in the herbaceous ground at Kew during the spring months.

H.

THE CHIONODOXAS IN WOODLAND.

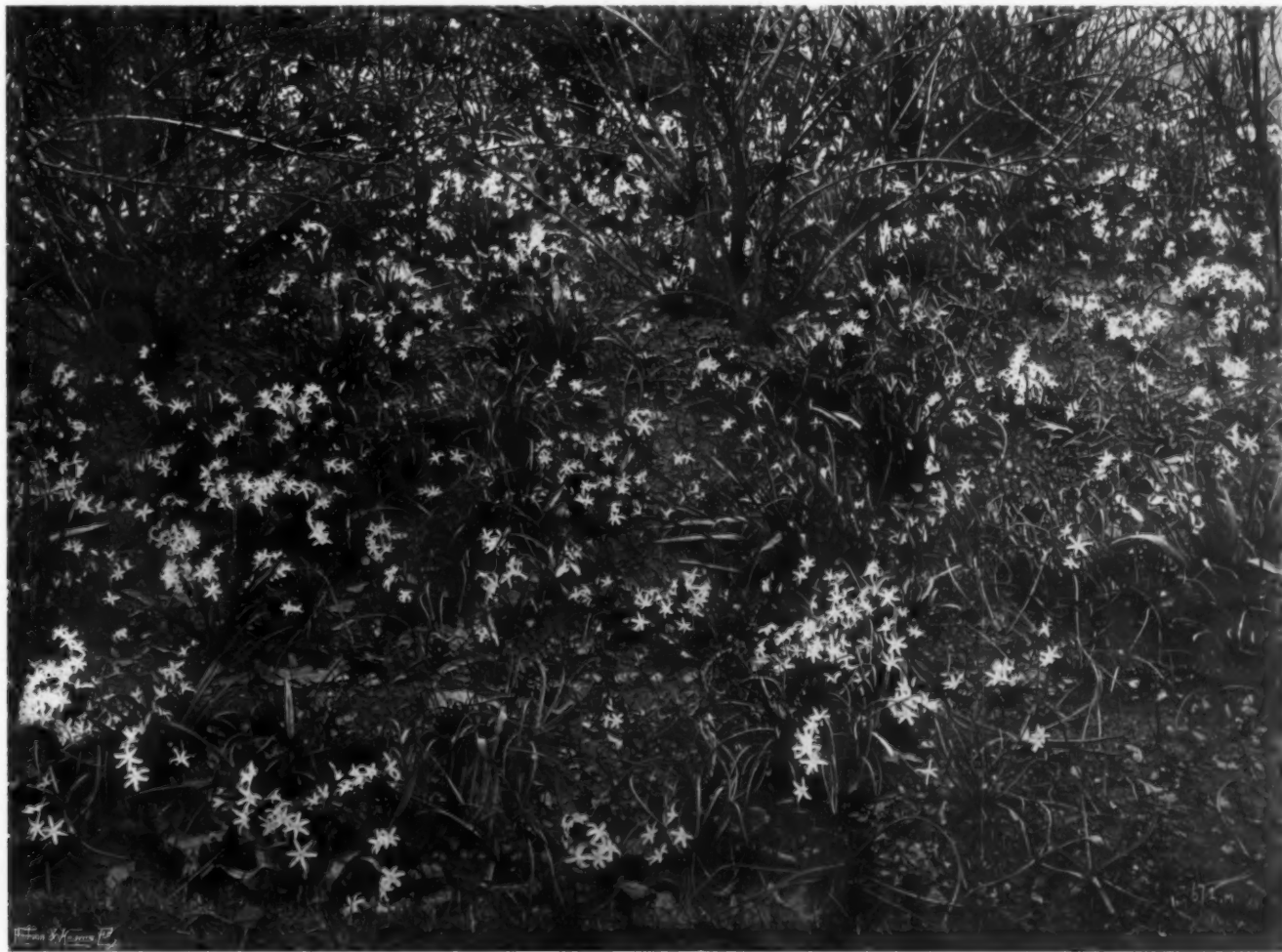
The illustration shows a carpeting of the beautiful blue *Chionodoxa Luciliae* in the woodland, from a photograph taken in the Royal Gardens, Kew. Of recent years bulbous flowers have been used in many charming ways in our gardens, and the *Chionodoxa* is one of the most welcome in the springtime of the year, the blue white-centred starry flowers gaining in intensity of colouring through the contrast with the brown leafless shoots of Hazel, or whatever the tree may be near which the bulbs are planted. When the soil is not very heavy the bulbs increase with considerable rapidity, and seedlings spring up freely, so that in time the *Chionodoxa* becomes naturalised. The kind named is the most cheery, but there are others, *C. sardensis* being deep blue, and that called *grandiflora* is distinguished, as

with a mixture of equal parts of rotten manure and good soil. In two years better beds of *Asparagus* could not be found anywhere. Again, the prevalent system of putting a heavy application of manure on *Asparagus*-beds in the autumn is, in our opinion, altogether wrong, as it keeps the beds colder and wetter than they would be if no manure were on, and much of the valuable matter in the manure is washed away by winter rains and snow while the roots are dormant and therefore unable to absorb it. It would be much better to apply the manure early in March, when it really would do good; if left on all the summer it would not only feed the active roots, but would keep the beds cooler and moister at the season when this is most needed. Salt or chemical manures could still be used in the ordinary manner.

C.

LAW AND THE LAND.

AT last the protracted litigation over the right to hold the ancient, honourable and hereditary office of Standard-bearer to the King of Scotland has come to an end, and Mr. Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn of Fifeshire has successfully maintained his claim to bear the Banner of Scotland at a Coronation and to attend the Sovereign on ceremonial occasions in Scotland. Incidentally, too, he has shown himself to be worthy of his name, for Scrymgeour means



CHIONODOXAS IN WOODLAND.

the name suggests, by larger flowers than the type. In border and rock garden the *Chionodoxas* are appropriate, but they are not seen there to such advantage as in the woodland or grass. A little colony in the meadow or on the fringe of a lawn is delightful, and the bulbs do not die away; at least, that is my experience on a light warm soil.

UNSATISFACTORY ASPARAGUS.

An instructive note is given on *Asparagus* in the recently-published *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, in answer to several enquiries. It is there mentioned that the remark most frequently made is, "Our *Asparagus* is nothing like so fine or good as it used to be. What is the cause?" One of the most common causes is cutting the shoots too late. All cutting should cease at the latest by Midsummer Day; but as vegetables are none too plentiful at that time, and as the beds are still throwing up some excellent shoots, cutting goes on for ten days or a fortnight longer. And this being repeated annually, the beds become weaker and plants die off altogether, so that the formerly good beds are spoiled. Another cause is the practice of throwing out the alleys between the beds a little deeper every year, until eventually they may be a foot lower than the top of the beds. Now, as all *Asparagus*-beds are, or ought to be, well drained, this is not only unnecessary, but absolutely injurious, for when dry weather sets in the raised beds become more or less dried up, and, if watered, most of the water runs off to waste. In a garden in the Midlands we saw a number of these raised beds with alleys nearly a foot deep, and all the *Asparagus* weak and miserable in appearance. We recommended the owner to fill up the alleys to within a couple of inches of the surface of the beds

"good fighter," a title which may well be applied to a litigant who has persistently carried his claim to the highest tribunal and there obtained a unanimous decision in his favour. Some eight hundred years ago a King of Scotland, either Malcolm III. or Alexander I., rewarded one of his officers, Sir Alexander Carron, for a distinguished act of bravery by granting him the hereditary office of Standard-bearer, by giving him the right to charge a portion of the Royal Arms on his armorial shield, and by changing the family name from Carron to Scrymgeour. The dignity remained undoubtedly in that family until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Earl of Lauderdale appears to have become possessed of the Scrymgeour property, including, it was argued, their hereditary honours. The dispute as to the right to bear the Banner of Scotland culminated at the Coronation of George IV, and has gone on ever since. On the Coronation of the present King, the Court of Claims decided in favour of Mr. Wedderburn; but further litigation in the Scottish Courts resulted in the claim of the Earl of Lauderdale being upheld. Now the House of Lords has finally settled the matter by declaring that such an office as that of Standard-bearer could not be bought and sold, that it was an office attached to the blood, and that as long as there was an heir male of the Scrymgeour blood the office and dignity descended to him, and that, therefore, the Earl of Lauderdale, who was not of the Scrymgeour blood at all, could have no title to the office.

Motor-car-owners and their drivers will be interested in a recent decision of the King's Bench Division to the effect that the offence of allowing a car to stand on a highway so as to cause an unnecessary obstruction is not an

offence that renders them liable to have their licences endorsed. Under the Motor-car Act only conviction of an offence in connection with the driving of a car subjects the offender to endorsement of his licence, and the Court held that as a man may be convicted of obstruction quite independently of the regulations as to the use of motor-cars, it was not unreasonable to infer that the somewhat serious punishment prescribed by the Act was intended to be limited to offences connected with the driving of the car or its management in the street, and that merely allowing it to stand still in the roadway did not come under that category. Two years ago a similar decision was arrived at with regard to a conviction for leaving a motor-car unattended in the street.

Farmers and all occupiers of land should make a note of the recent conviction by the Ongar magistrates of a farmer who had placed grain treated with strychnine on one of his fields, and of the chemist who had dressed the grain for him. In this matter of laying poison it must be remembered that there is an exception to the general rule that a man is justified in taking steps to protect himself against damage by the depredations of four-footed or winged trespassers. The farmer pleaded that he had been compelled to do

something to protect his crops, which, so he said, were being ruined by the ravages of game, rooks and sparrows; and the evidence showed that over a hundred dead birds had been found in or near the field on which the deadly grain had been scattered. But the law against the use of poisonous substances is very strict, whether that used be directed against mankind or the lower animals, and there are express statutory prohibitions against putting in any exposed place grain, seed or meal, or flesh or meat, with which poison has been mixed so as to make the substance calculated to destroy life, and it matters not with what intention the forbidden act was done, whether to injure man or to destroy dogs, cats, birds or vermin; except that as regards the last-mentioned there is a proviso allowing poison for the destruction of rats, mice or other small vermin, to be placed in a house or building, or in drains, or in ricks or stacks of wheat or any other cultivated vegetable produce. Game is specially protected against poison by Section 3 of the Game Act, 1831, which makes it an offence to put poison on any ground where game usually resort, and under the Ground Game Act, 1880, no person having a right to kill ground game may use poison for that purpose.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A BOOK about country characters, new alike in the observation of the writer and in style, opens up an inviting prospect. This is what is offered in *Mad Shepherds and Other Human Studies*, by L. P. Jacks (Williams and Norgate). It ought to be said at once, however, that the book would have been vastly more entertaining if the author had possessed a more pronounced sense of humour. He takes himself and his characters too seriously. His self-consciousness is unrestrained, and the general effect is to take away from the reality of a study that in all probability has been made from life and is not in itself impossible. The chief character of the book is a shepherd who probably minded his sheep in some part of Cambridgeshire, though nominally it was near Deadborough. A wonderfully good drawing of his head has been done by L. Leslie Brooke; whether from life or fancy matters very little. It is the head of a poet as well as of a shepherd, and the ill temper which earned him the nickname of "Snarley" is clearly indicated by the snap of the otherwise eloquent eyes and the lips. The face is a horse face. We can easily imagine Sir Carruthers Gould fitting it with four legs and a body and with very little alteration making the figure look like a horse. But it is unmistakably the face of a poet, of one who has communed with "the silence that is in the starry skies" while minding his sheep during a long lifetime. The author has grasped this fact firmly enough; too firmly, we are almost tempted to say. On turning over in our mind the names of those who might have evolved a masterpiece of literature out of the material in this book, we can only think of the author of "Rab and His Friends." There are points that Mr. Barrie would have been delighted with; but probably he would have disliked the arrogant and outrageous extravagance of the man. Beyond these we cannot suggest another name. The fault of Mr. Jacks is that he begins saying in substance, though not in so many words, "Here is a wonderful prodigy that I have found pursuing the humble calling of a shepherd. He is a poet, priest, philosopher, wisdom incarnate. Come and listen to the wonderful things he has said." But that is the way to be unconvincing. A more skilful literary artist would have painted the picture and let us draw our own conclusions from it.

Even the manner of the writer impresses us with a feeling of the man's personality, and in saying so we are conscious of paying him a very high compliment. But take a scene at random from the old quarry which Snarley used as a shelter. He talks of the stars and says:

"There's things about the stars that fair knocks you silly to think on! And, what's more, you can't think on 'em, leastways to no good purpose, until they *have* knocked you silly. Why, what's the good of tellin' a man that it's ninety-three millions o' miles between the earth and the sun? There's lots of folks as knows that; but there's not one in ten thousand as knows what it means. You gets no forrader wi' looking at the figures in a book. You must thin yourself out, and make your body lighter than air, and stretch and stretch at yourself until you gets the sun and planets floatin' like, in the middle o' your mind. Then you begins to get holl on it. Or what's the good o' sayin' that Saturn has rings and nine moons? You must go to one o' the moons, and see Saturn fillin' half the sky, wi' his rings cuttin' the heavens from top to bottom, all coloured wi' crimson and gold—then you begins to stagger at it. That's why I say you can't think o' these things till they've knocked you silly. Now there's Sir Robert Ball—it's knocked him silly, I can tell you. I knowed that when I went to his lecture, by the pictures he showed us, and I sez to myself, 'Bob,' I sez, 'that's a man worth listenin' to.'"

Inarticulately this is a man of imagination. Take his conversation with the professor who, after the manner of his kind, has been stimulated to take an interest in the eccentric:

"'Well,' he sez, for he wasn't easy to offend, 'I want to 'ave a talk.' 'What about?' I sez. 'I want to talk about the stars and the space as

they're floatin' in.' 'Has space ever knocked yer silly?' I sez. 'Yes,' he says, 'in a manner o' speakin' it has.' 'No,' I sez, 'it hasn't, because if it had you wouldn't want to talk about it.' Well, there was no stoppin' him, and at last he gets it out that space is just a way we have o' looking at things. I know'd well enough what he meant, though I could see as he were puttin' it wrong way up. When he'd done I sez, 'That's all right. But suppose space wasn't a way folks have o' lookin' at things, but something else, what difference would that make?' 'I don't see what you mean,' he sez. 'That's because you don't see what you mean yourself,' I sez. 'You're just like the rest on 'em—talkin' about things you've never seen, but only heard other folks talkin' about. You're in the same box wi' Shoemaker Hankin and the parsons and all the lot on 'em. What's the good o' jivin' about space when you've never been there yourself? I have. I've seen more space in one minute than you've ever heard talk on since you were born. Don't tell me! If you could see what I've seen you'd never say another word about space as long as yer lived.'"

We cannot help hurrying over the rest of his life till we come to his death; but to understand the scene we must bear in mind that the man was, above all else, a shepherd. His friend said very properly that he had found a medium of expression which gave him perfect satisfaction:

"'Then the poems ought to be in existence,' said I. 'So they are,' was the answer; 'they exist in the shape of Farmer Perryman's big rams. The rams are the direct creations of genius working upon appropriate material. None but a dreamer of dreams could have brought them into being; every one of them is an embodied ideal. Don't make the blunder of thinking that Snarley's sheep-raising has nothing to do with his star-gazings and spirit-rappings. It's all one. Shakespeare writes *Hamlet*, and Snarley produces *Thunderbolt*.'"

A footnote informs us that Thunderbolt was "a brute with more decorations than a Field-Marshal." He had made an art of his calling, and was as devoted to it as ever poet or painter was to his. The account of his death is put into the mouth of his wife. We miss out the details about his having come home ill, and at once select the pregnant passage:

"She was just goin' down the stairs when all of a sudden he starts up in bed and sez, 'Do you 'ear thar whistle blowin'?' 'No,' I sez, 'you've been dreamin'. There isn't nobody whistlin' at this time o' night.' 'Yes,' he sez, 'there is, and it blowed three times. There's thousands and thousands of sheep, and a tall shepherd whistlin' to his dog. But he's got no dog, and it's me he's whistlin' for.'"

"Now Sir you must understand that my 'usband when he was with the sheep used to work his dog wi' whistlin' instead of shoutin' to it as most shepherds do. You can see his whistle hangin' on that nail—that's where he hung it 'isself for twenty-five years. You see, he was kind o' superstitious and used to say it was bad luck to keep your whistle in your pocket when you went to bed. So he always hung it on that nail, the last thing at night."

This episode with the vision of the "tall shepherd" strikes a fine imaginative note, and is, perhaps, the best passage in the whole book. The worst, in our opinion, is that in which this poet of Nature is introduced to literature. It was done as an experiment by the vicar's wife and the author. Snarley had a passionate love for the note of the nightingale, and so they introduced Keats's famous ode as a recitation at a harvest home. Its beauties, no doubt, were enhanced by contrast, as the songs which had gone before were of the sentimental variety which is most favoured in the village. The selection of this piece for the purpose of experiment does not strike us as being very happy. Keats was essentially a poet of poets, and the language he used must have been absolutely foreign to the simple shepherd. We wonder that they did not take in preference the dirge in "Cymbeline," since a man of the most primitive type, providing that he was absolutely real, could not help feeling that in that immortal song the whole vision of life is made to pass by. Such phrases as "Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages," bear the

very impress of rural labour. How different it is from the self-consciousness of Keats. "Forlorn! the very word is like a bell." In this passage he is, as it were, hanging up a word to look at and admire, which a plain rustic mind would have used with its original force and sincerity. Whoever has gone much among labouring people must have noticed that the simplest and best of them use language without consciousness. They take a word for what it expresses, not for any beauty they associate with it, and in their mouths such commonplace words as "tired," "weary," "desolate" seem to be enriched in meaning. Snarley Bob repeated the verses from memory, with comments, in the following style:

"Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

The mail goes o' Fridays—K Battery, Peshawur, Punjab—O my God let Bill tell him!—Shut up you blasted old fool, or I'll knock your silly old head off! *You'll* never get there! What do *you* know about nightingales? I heard 'em singing for hundreds and thousands of years before you were born."

Truth is stranger than fiction, no doubt, and it may be that the writer has reported here and not imagined. If this be so, all the comment we need make is that his experience is not that of the present writer, who has found that those whom he esteemed in possession of the most poetic minds in the country found themselves strange in the presence of good poetry. We hope, however, that no one will be disposed on account of these strictures to think lightly of the book. On the contrary, it is absolutely certain to command the attention of all who are on the look-out for pregnant, fresh and vigorous writing.

THE TYRANNY OF WEALTH.

John Marvel, Assistant, by Thomas Nelson Page. (T. Werner Laurie.)

THIS story presents a strange picture of American society and manners. In a country where all other things are "equal," money becomes the one uncontrollable inequality, and the tyranny of wealth the only tyranny. How hideous a tyranny it is, how unredeemed by connection with anything that graces or retrieves the life of a race, such as no one can deny did redeem some of the other tyrannies of the world in old days, many books have been written lately to show—and this one adds a vivid flash of light to the general glare. Henry Glave is a young American lawyer. He tells the story of his own life very well, the stumbling-blocks that beset the autobiographical method being better overcome than is usual. Throwing away his first chances by recklessness in youth, he fights his way up again alone and penniless from the depths. On the road he comes into contact with the under-side, so to speak, of the great, prosperous, imposing America which bulks so largely in the world's eye—and how incredibly black and repulsive that side can be he shows with no unsparing hand; there are glimpses into the methods of labour leaders, mayors, lawyers and "society leaders," before which the methods of the Russian agents-provocateurs pale. But the book does not only depend for its interest on the abuses it exposes. Its story is good and its characters living—John Marvel, the priest and hero; Wolfert, the wonderful Jew; Collis Macsheen, the incredible scoundrel who is mayor of the city; Wringman, the labour leader, exploiting his fellows for his own gain; the poor little Scotchman, McNeil, who goes under in his struggle against the artificially engineered "strike"—these are men who have their counterparts in the life of to-day. The women are less convincing. Glave eventually makes his name and fame by defending the duped and the outraged, and nearly loses his life more than once at the hands of those whom his efforts disturb at their infamous work. There is some effort to outline a scheme of redress and remedy for such wrongs and outrages as no generous heart can bear of without fury. But there is no exaggeration. The balance of life and art is preserved. The picture once given, right and happiness prevail; and the result is not only a good story, but what is almost better when such themes are touched on—a convincing recital of the truth.

SEVENTY YEARS HENCE?

The Chariot of the Sun, by Roger Pocock. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE days are gone when men read such books as these as fairy-tales only, to be smiled at and tossed aside. The swiftness with which, in two generations, the wild dreams of the future have become the sober facts of the past, forbids that nowadays; and that there are, at this moment, forces being explored which may some day turn the world upside down, even as this curious fantasy of Mr. Pocock's describes them as doing, no man will deny. He builds his tale of love and chivalry, air-ships and fleets, war and ruin, of England's defeat and her salvation, upon the discovery and control of a force which he calls "etheric power." In the year 1980 Queen Margaret the Fair sat on the throne of England, and in Lyons there lived an American called Brand, who could make gold out of water and "etheric power" out of vibrations. England, through the treachery of her Prime Minister, lies at Russia's feet, and her enemies gather as eagles to the spoil. Not till she is at the last gasp, and the Russians and their Emperor are burning and slaughtering in London itself, while Germany is descending on one flank and France on the other, does Brand manage to overcome his opponents, reassert himself and his astounding powers, and descend upon London in his etheric liners just in time to save the Queen and turn the tide of war. It is a strange, ex-ravagant tale, but the odd thing is that nobody could say now that it is an incredible one. In reality, of course, it is not possible for a man to think in the terms of the future, any more than he can really visualise the past; and all that Mr. Pocock does, as a matter of fact, is to lift To-day a hundred years on, which is just what Time never does! But to see To-day in the grip of powers that may possibly lie in the womb of To-morrow is a fascinating business enough; and Mr. Pocock manages it so well that it is with a wonderfully real thrill of relief that we

leave England, saved and triumphant, dividing honours with America and, incidentally, the world.

A GOOD STORY.

At the Sign of the Burning Bush, by M. Little. (Chatto and Windus.)

THE power of this story lies in its directness. It leaps, without further ado, straight into the heart of the narrow life in the Scotch town, straight into the life of the kirks, of their bishops and ministers and managers, and straight into the hearts of the men and women who are its heroes and heroines. They live and move and have their being. The tale is concerned with the lives and fates of these three young ministers in Glasgow, Pink, de Stuyner and Mackenzie. As they are revealed to us the life of the church they belong to unrolls before us also; and this, again, is told from the inside, for the author must have lived the life to know so intimately its intrigues and methods and to be able to show it us, for all its sordid worldliness and narrow scheming, as a church so precious and so necessary that an honest man will lie to get into it for the chance of reforming and purifying it. They are not very lovable, these Glasgow people; but then Glasgow itself is not a city to inspire the soul. The man who can love humanity there will love it anywhere. That is the motive of the book—the love of humanity, not in its greatness, but in its humiliation; and the story is the story of Mackenzie learning so to love it and his mistakes on the road. Many lives and loves are woven into his—the lives of those he hated and the life of the one he adored. He is the central figure; and to him moves Melicent, his equal in perception and spirit, through the days that would have made them one had it not been for Lorinda; and round him and her move the saints and sinners, the cowards and curs, the servile and the strong, of the life in that curious stratum of Scotch society. It is a thoroughly interesting book from cover to cover, even if it ends on a note of idyllic renunciation without rejection that is too high, we are afraid, for anything but a book to attain to; and, incidentally, the picture of these city Scots and their churches is, to the alien English, as interesting as anything in it, quite apart from the souls of the men and women concerned.

A WONDER-CHILD.

The Devourers, by A. Vivanti Chartres. (Heinemann.)

THIS book is clearly inspired throughout by the adoration and admiration of the mother of Vivien Chartres, the violinist, for her own gifted little daughter, and it is, therefore, natural that mother-love and sacrifice should be its keynote. The "Devourers" are supposed to be the child-geniuses of the world, ruthlessly claiming and absorbing for the support of their gifts the lives of all around them. As a matter of fact, of course, the childhood of the greatest geniuses on earth was more often than not spent without the least recognition or adoration from anyone, for which neglect they were, doubtless, a great deal the better; while a more mighty "Devourer" than all is Nature, who has laid on women the burden of the perpetuation of the race, and who, when the time comes, remorselessly sinks poet, artist and musician in the mother, whether the child be a genius or no. Incidentally, one may wonder whether all this sacrifice, first of Valeri for Nancy the poet, and then of Nancy for Anne-Marie, the violinist, and then presumably of Anne-Marie for her baby, was quite necessary. "Genius" will out, especially if it is creative, as in poetry, and not merely interpretive, as in playing the violin. Speaking in an ordinary way, we do not quite clearly see why Nancy could not have written her book, for instance, while Anne-Marie was busy learning the violin. Still, if the truth is, perhaps, a little exaggerated and everything bent willy-nilly to prove the one point, a truth it is. Women are the "passers on." "While men make pictures, they make men." That great duty transcends all others; and this story, illustrating the limitless strength and devotion of mother-love in the gifted and adorable Nancy, is a very pretty one, well worth the reading; while it is interesting to read at first hand the experiences and sensations of the real mother of a real "wonder-child."

A BOOK OF PROMISE.

Poems, by Frances Cornford. (Bowes and Bowes.)

MRS. CORNFORD has the temperament of a poet, and may do wonders yet. A few of her pieces are sufficient to show as much as that. The first two numbers in the book, "Autumn Morning at Cambridge" and "Autumn Evening," leave little to be said in criticism; but in other poems she still shows signs of that tragic note which is one of the characteristics of early youth. It is before we know anything about them that we write of the "Woods of Despair" and "Dead Hopes with Faces Grey." There is a good deal of this kind of thing, of which probably few traces will be left in the next essay of the writer. In other poems there are obvious faults of technique. The triolets, for instance, of which there are many, are flat, partly because they lack the archness which this form demands, and partly because the recurring lines are not only dull but repeated in exactly the same sense. "Through the Heavy Days," "Missing so much, so much," "When I am sick and like to die," are lines of which it is impossible to make adroit use. Mrs. Cornford will understand what we mean if she will turn to COUNTRY LIFE for March 5th and see how an angling poet plays with the phrase "My fancy flies." The substantive in the first verse becomes the adjective in the last and so a pretty effect is produced. In these light French forms which are so very artificial in their nature little tricks of this kind count for more than they would in statelier forms. Some of these triolets in sentiment and expression are as grave as a sonnet. Perhaps the most engaging verses in the volume are the nursery rhymes on wild flowers. The following is a little reminiscent of R.L.S., but it is pretty all the same:

The thistles on the sandy flats
Are courtiers with crimson hats;
The ragworts growing up so straight
Are emperors who stand in state,
And march about so proud and bold,
In crowns of fairy story gold.

A BOOK ON SALMON AND TROUT.
*Life History and Habits of the Salmon, Sea-Trout, and other
 Freshwater Fish*, by P. D. Malloch. (Adam and Charles Black.)

THE interest of this new book lies first in its numerous illustrations, beautifully reproduced from excellent photographs. Never before has such a profusion of figure: of salmon and trout in all conditions appeared in any single work. Secondly, in its summarising of a great many original observations on growth, migrations and feeding habits, which, coming from an experienced student, will prove of lasting value. Its two weakest points—on which we shall dwell here for the benefit of those in whose hands Mr. Malloch's book may fall—are the systematic and historical aspects of the subject, which have been neglected to an extent which calls for protest. Surely, in a work which professes to give a summary of the life-histories of the salmon as contrasted with sea-trout, it would seem essential to indicate in a few words how the two species are to be distinguished, the more so as the author himself is aware of the disputes constantly arising among fishermen and fish-culturists as to the nature of bull-trout, for instance, fishes so called being in some cases referable to salmon, in others to trout. But the only thing the author tells us, apart from habits and movements, is that the two can be distinguished from each other by counting the number of scales in a certain region of the body—in what manner he does not say. The sea-trout, according to Mr. Malloch, has fourteen scales from the adipose, or "dead," fin to the lateral line, while the salmon has ten. The reviewer wishes the distinction were so simple! But, alas, it is not so. As he has stated in "Fishing" (COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sports) and elsewhere, the scales have to be counted from behind the posterior border of the adipose fin to the lateral line, in which case we obtain eleven or twelve (very exceptionally thirteen) scales in the salmon, and fourteen to sixteen (rarely thirteen) in the trout. There is a certain amount of individual variation in all numerical characters in these fishes, and it does not serve the purpose of accurate identification to give as diagnostic two extreme numbers, as does Mr. Malloch. Other important characters, especially for the distinction of young fishes, are entirely passed over. On page 151 the author tells us,

"As anglers are the people who are chiefly concerned with the life-history of the Salmonidae, there ought to be some simple way for their determining what salmon, sea-trout and trout are, without having to wade through books and become more confused than ever." Quite true; but why has he not availed himself of the opportunity for supplying the angler with such a desideratum? Much more has been done towards this by Mr. Calderwood, whose paper on the subject of salmon and bull-trout in the Tay and Tweed, as well as others published since 1904, and especially his valuable book, "The Life of the Salmon," with reference more especially to the fish in Scotland (1907), are not even alluded to by Mr. Malloch, whose observations often cover the same ground and afford the same results. This neglect to refer to other authors is especially noticeable in the case of the study of the structure of the scales of salmon as an index to age and migrations, a study which, he states, he has been pursuing during the last five years, at the suggestion of the late Lord Blythwood. Any reader of this book not familiar with ichthyological literature would believe that these observations originated with the author, while they have, as a matter of fact, been carried out with equal success by Mr. H. W. Johnston and Mr. Arthur Hutton, the results of the former author having been laid before the public as early as 1904—likewise owing to Lord Blythwood's initiative. The book is carelessly written. As an example we may quote the following lines (page 227): "The Minnow is said to belong to the Carp family. It is found in all parts of Great Britain. They are usually from 2½ to 4 inches long, and where not too plentiful and food is abundant sometimes grow to 5 inches and weigh as much as 3oz." G. A. B.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Maurice Maeterlinck: A Biographical Study, by Gerard Harry. (George Allen & Unwin.)
 Dead Letters, by Maurice Baring. (Constable.)
 Canadian Born, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
 A Modern Chronicle, by Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)
 Devious Ways, by Gilbert Cannan. (Heinemann.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE LV.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE LADIES.

IN view of the near coming of the ladies' championship, to be held at Westward Ho! in the beginning of May, it is interesting to note that Miss Maud Titterton is again on the war-path and evidently in good form. Playing for Midlothian against Fife, at Musselburgh—it is true, with the advantage of local knowledge—she beat Miss Kyle, the Scottish lady champion, by two and one to play. Miss Titterton won the championship two years ago, and we understand that the lady who has won it since, Miss Dorothy Campbell, will not be in the lists this year, for she has not come back from America. One of the puzzles that the Ladies' Golfing Union will have to solve at Westward Ho! is the position to be finally taken up towards the ladies who receive expenses for playing in county matches. Of course, the cricketers do this without losing what is called their amateur status, but it is barren work arguing from one game to another. This is perhaps a question to which a "mere man" would be very ill-advised if he were to propose an answer. Better to wait and see.

GOLFER AND JUDGE.

The appointment of Mr. T. E. Scrutton, K.C., to succeed Sir Henry Sutton as a Judge of the High Court of Justice, will meet with universal approval. Mr. Scrutton has won distinction in many and varied branches of the law. He is recognised as the leading authority on copyright, and he has for some years past occupied a prominent position in the tribunals which deal with commercial and Admiralty cases. He is a fine type of the English barrister: hard working, able and free from the vice of self-advertisement. He comes of a family well known for its quiet but effective philanthropy, he is a good sportsman, and up to last month was captain of the Bar Golfing Society.

THE ALDBOROUGH GOLF CLUB.

Much regret will be felt at the burning of the club-house at Aldborough. It is not too much to say that many players were attracted to that delightful course by the comfort that was afforded by its excellent management, and it seems extremely unfortunate that it should have been burned to the ground. The secretary informs us, however, that visitors will not be put to much inconvenience, as the committee are taking steps to provide ample accommodation for them pending the rebuilding of the club-house.

THE CAMBRIDGE VICTORY.

The prophets were one and all hopelessly in the wrong over the University match. Those who had seen a good deal of the play of both sides, and who therefore ought to have known better, all thought that Oxford would win, and that comfortably. In face of these depressing forecasts, Cambridge themselves remained quietly confident, and their confidence was justified. They were thought to have done very well when they held a lead in four out of the eight matches at lunchtime; but even so

the chances still seemed all in Oxford's favour, for two of their men were leading by five and one by four, whereas of the Cambridge men three led but by a single hole. Oxford soon had two matches as safe as could be, for Mr. Hooman and Mr. Holderness went right away from their opponents and won by almost uncharitably large margins. It was quite another story, however, with Mr. Leese and Mr. Medrington. Mr. Leese was four up at lunch, and he is, moreover, a very fine driver, a great deal longer than Mr. Medrington. The latter, however, was quite undepressed, and went off after lunch with three brilliant holes. Four, three, four is a good beginning at Hoylake, and it was good enough to make Mr. Medrington only one down instead of four down. Mr. Leese had a fine chance at the "Cop," threw it away with both hands, and was thereafter always struggling. Mr. Medrington, playing beautifully, went steadily ahead and won at the sixteenth. Meanwhile the Cambridge men who had been up at lunch were increasing or keeping their leads, so that Mr. Medrington's unexpected win meant much. Ultimately the whole issue was seen to depend on Mr. McDonell and Mr. Carlisle, who were all square with four to go. With a large and obviously excited crowd following them these two were in a rather agonising predicament, but they stuck to it nobly. Each holed a good putt in turn, and then Mr. McDonell missed one at the seventeenth, which made Mr. Carlisle dormy one and gave Cambridge a well-deserved victory.

THE PLAY AND THE PLAYERS.

Considering that the wind was strong and the green very keen and tricky, the play was very good indeed, and it is doubtful whether such a high average of golf has ever been reached by both sides in any previous University match. The driving was almost uniformly straight; some of it was very long and, speaking generally, all the golf was very well worth watching. The best player on either side was, beyond question, Mr. Hooman. He played really magnificent golf for the first nine holes, at the end of which he had his match practically won, and he was always too good for Mr. Ulyat. He is essentially sound in every department of the game; a long without being an enormously long driver, a finished iron player and a good bold putter. His opponent, Mr. Ulyat, had been playing well on the previous days; but he ran up against some terribly good golf, and at the best of times he is hardly strong enough to hold Mr. Hooman. Of the other Cambridge players, Mr. Medrington, of course, deserves infinite credit; and so does Mr. Campbell, who has now in two successive years soundly trounced Mr. Gidney, who is a most steady, reliable player and a very difficult man to beat. Mr. Carlisle is clearly a good player, though he has a curious habit of ducking his head as he hits the ball, which is not attractive. His opponent, Mr. McDonell, is a fascinating player to watch and made some very good strokes. Mr. Holderness, who was playing last for Oxford, has a fine slashing style and gets the ball a long way with a most useful natural hook. He only just got



MR. JUSTICE SCRUTTON.

his place in the team at the last moment, but certainly played better golf than some of those above him. Mr. Finch-Hatton and Mr. Leese were a little disappointing, and so was Mr. Evans, although he won his match. He played the last nine holes in the morning brilliantly, but otherwise fell a little below the high standard we have a right to expect from him. Another cricketer in Mr. Ireland drove very well, and his putting, if not very good, was good enough to win.

NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DOWN.

We have been seeing the course at Newcastle, County Down, after an interval of something over twenty years. When we saw it first, all that while ago, with its great sand-dunes, and the good turf in between, it promised to be one of the best in the world. The present impression of it is that it is good, but not quite so good as all that. And perhaps the real truth is that the ground which Nature has laid out on this magnificent plan, with, as it were, a succession of Sandwich "Maidens" or Prestwick "Himalayas," is rather deceitful. For one thing, it must evidently be hard to avoid "blind" shots, in laying the course out, and of these there are a great deal too many at Newcastle. Then it may not be easy to get the lengths right, and certainly some of the Newcastle lengths are not right. For instance, the last two holes are both further than can be reached with two drives in a calm. Moreover, the line to them is south-west, that is to say, the direction which

meets the wind five days out of seven on this East Irish Coast, as over most of our islands. That cannot be right. It only brings the player home weary of the world; and for these two lengths, at least, there is no necessity. They could easily be brought within the two-shot range.

A NATURAL COURSE.

It is a course which punishes error very heavily. In this respect it is like Rye, resembling that fine Sussex course in this, that since the hills are high, it is very often necessary to put the ball well up into the air; and we all know how

much harder it is to control a high ball than a low one. (What, by the by, has come to that joker among the professionals who lately said publicly that no man by taking thought could make his ball fly low; that it was only by accident, if at all, that it happened?) The surroundings of Newcastle—the sea and Slieve Donard, the big mountain of the Mourne range—are glorious, and so are the links themselves. It is always magnificent, but it is not always quite golf, or, at least, quite the golf that it ought to be capable of being made. Yet those responsible have taken a great deal of pains about

it and have done big things.

HOLES IN FIVE AND A-HALF.

We were mightily struck by one piece of ingenuity at Newcastle. The Bogey score is said to be $83\frac{1}{2}$! The extra half is a novelty. It is arrived at on the following principle: Several of the holes being impossible to reach with two shots, and being, besides, on ground that is much *accidenté*, it has seemed to the authorities that five is too little for them and six too big. Therefore, the device has been hit on (of course, this part of it is not novel, although incorporating it into a Bogey score is novel) of making Bogey do these holes in five and a-half, which is as much as to say

that the human opponent may win them by doing them in five or under, or may lose them by doing them in six or over; but by "no possible means whatever" can he halve them. It is an ingenious idea, and possibly may work for truth and justice and all beautiful things; but it quite disposes of the illusion that Bogey is a somewhat idealised flesh-and-blood opponent. Nothing in flesh and blood plays half a stroke at golf. We believe that, as a matter of fact, the statement that the Bogey score is put at $83\frac{1}{2}$ is not strictly true, but only a cheap jibe made by those who laugh at this device; but there is no reason why it should not be so. It only needs that the holes for which the extra half is given should be an odd number.

WOKING AND SUNNINGDALE.

Sunningdale won a very comfortable victory over Woking in their annual foursome encounter, and now stand one up on the whole series of matches. They had not quite such a good side as was expected, Mr. Colt having, unfortunately, fallen a victim to the north-east wind and Mr. Spencer being also away; but it was a very strong side nevertheless. Woking, too, suffered from some defections and badly needed the steady play of Mr. Doherty. If it be not libellous to say so, they played much better after lunch than in the early morning. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Wyatt were the only pair to go through the two days unbeaten, their record being three wins and one halved match. Curiously enough, although the match has now been played for five years, no pair has ever yet succeeded



E. S. ULYAT (CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN).



HON. D. FINCH-HATTON (OXFORD CAPTAIN).



J. F. IRELAND (CAMBS).



E. R. CAMPBELL (CAMBS).



C. P. LEESE (OXON).

in winning all their four games. Mr. Norman Hunter and Mr. Guy Campbell seemed likely to do it on this occasion, for they won their first three and were going very strongly. However, they met their Waterloo when they came across Mr. Frank Mitchell and Mr. Hubert Pilkington, who beat them fairly and squarely—a most creditable victory. Both courses were in excellent order and the weather was very kind, so that everybody once more agreed that this match provides some of the most delightful golf of the year.

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

Under the auspices of the Golfing Union of these two counties the native and resident professionals held a championship meeting at Alnmouth which was well won, with a score of 153, by J. W. Gaultin; but, let it be said with no disrespect to the fine play of the victor, the chief interest to us of the competition was the performance of the veteran James Kay, who was second,



MR. MILSOM REES.

at 155, and made a very fine finish with 33 for the last nine holes. For how many years has he not been very high up in the returns of the great competitions, never seeming to be doing any heroic work, but hardly ever making a mistake? He is a wonder of steadiness.

MR. MILSOM REES.

The many people who go to Covent Garden to enjoy the opera are probably dependent for their pleasure, to a degree they do not properly appreciate, on Mr. Milsom Rees. It is he who looks after those most tender and valuable things, the larynxes of the opera singers, and, indeed, he is the friend and adviser of most of the great singers of to-day. He is, needless to say, one of the leading authorities on anything connected with the throat, and is, among other things, the surgeon in charge of the throat department of the Margaret Street Hospital for Consumption. As his name implies, he is a Welshman, and in his younger days represented his country on the football-field. He is still keenly interested in the game, and is one of the vice-presidents of the London Welsh Club. He probably began golf a little too late to attain International honours at that game also, but he is a keen and improving player. Not so very long ago he had a most successful week at Littlestone. He fairly swept the board in the matter of competitions, with the result that his handicap was very rapidly and properly diminished.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ASTONBURY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Malcolmson's letter in your issue of to-day (April 9th), defending his treatment of Astonbury and accusing me of criticising what he had done without "paying a personal visit to the house" or "taking the trouble to satisfy myself as to the facts," removes the compunction I felt when I wrote the article on that place. Not wishing to say an unnecessary word that might wound a stranger, I put the matter as mildly and impersonally as I possibly could. In justice to Messrs. Forsyth and Maule (to whom, as the architects in charge, I had at first attributed all the work) I had to differentiate between what had been done under their advice and what had been done in opposition to it, but I made no direct reference to the culprit. I thank Mr. Malcolmson for now giving me the opportunity of speaking plainly.

The first I knew of Astonbury was from very fine and clear photographs of the staircases taken before they were touched. The photograph of the principal one revealed the interesting and rare colour decoration, and it was in great measure to see this that I visited Astonbury a short while back. Judge of my dismay and disgust when I found that it had been entirely removed and a coarse, Wardour Street "old oak" get-up substituted for it! I was almost equally disappointed with the secondary stair, for it had been so "restored" as to present a "faked" appearance. The original condition, as revealed by the photographs, gave no hint of any necessity for such treatment, and I felt certain that wrong had been done. But I would not publish my opinion without more complete evidence, and I wrote and asked Mr. Forsyth to afford me exact information on this point as well as on certain structural problems the solution of which would help me in giving the history and dates of the house. He most kindly furnished me with a careful set of notes covering the ground of my query, and I quote his references to the staircases. As regards the principal one he wrote: "It was entirely covered with colour decoration, arranged generally in geometric forms dictated by the shape of the particular feature to which it was applied. . . . The whole of the handrails, balusters, newels, strings, brackets and other members were coloured in various ways in red, blue, green and brown. . . . Some of the colour in the protected portions of the pierced parts of the newels remained in an extremely sharp state, and each minute moulding or member was green or red in a charming scheme of contrasted colours. To my lasting regret my client had this colour scheme entirely removed. I fought hard for its retention, even to the extent of establishing what appears to be a permanent rupture in my relations with my client." As regards the secondary staircase he wrote: "I found it covered with several coats of modern paint and had the whole of it removed, leaving the oak a grand uneven colour. Contrary to my wishes, my client had its missing details restored, the cracks slipped with oak wedges, and the whole oiled and waxed." It needs no comment of mine on these quotations to prove that I was justified in all I wrote and that I even deserved the criticism of one of our most eminent architectural authorities who, on reading the article, sent me word that I had not put the matter strongly enough. I not only personally visited the place, but I obtained facts from the man who knew of every stage in the process of alteration, and his evidence was fully confirmed by the photographs in my possession. Nothing, therefore, can be more unfounded and wanton than Mr. Malcolmson's assumption that I wrote carelessly and ignorantly.

I hold that what was done by the architect is good, what was done in opposition to him is bad. As to the oiling of the oak, Mr. Malcolmson admits the fact. What grounds of complaint, then, has he? I am one of many who have dealt with much thickly and obstinately painted oakwork without finding that oiling was the "only possible course." The alternative of leaving the "grand uneven colour" untouched occurred to us. If he wishes to see how oak should be left after the removal of paint, let him visit the drawing-room at Boyton Manor in Wiltshire. There remains the question of the forecourt walling. I described the south walls as old because what has recently been rebuilt was rebuilt on old lines and of old material, and a section of walling of the same kind existed on the north side as a model for what should have been done there. The present owners describe their possession as "a small farmhouse." That may be an over-modest estimate, but certainly it is a particularly simple and reserved building, depending for its effect on its general dignity and the good form and proportions of the brick mouldings of its older windows, its end gables and its chimney shafts—all Henry VIII. features. Any modern additions which by their style, their complexity, their colouring or their position attract the eye away from the quiet charm of the old work on to their own garish selves are absolutely wrong. That is the A.B.C. of the matter, and is so obvious that a very tyro should not want it taught to him. Yet Mr. Malcolmson goes to one of the most sumptuous and highly decorated of the great mansions which arose under James I. (why he should call it "Elizabethan" is a mystery). He sketches and measures "several forecourt walls" and then sets up an ill-digested *pot-pourri* of elaborate pierced-panel walling as a forecourt to his "small farmhouse." Forgetting that such pierced-panel work at Hatfield occurs not only in the forecourt and terraces, but on the roof and bay-window parapets and is in perfect keeping and harmony with the whole spirit of the magnificent decorative scheme of which they are an original and integral part; forgetting that, in scope and in character, Astonbury is as different from Hatfield as chalk is from cheese, he—with that sublime self-complacency which arises only from ignorance unilluminated by a single ray of light—thinks he is dealing me a clever blow in saying he has "no doubt" that my criticism of his ill-conceived and barbarously placed imitations at Astonbury will "hold good" also in the case of the original and apt work at Hatfield! Can more complete mental chaos be conceived! And is it not grievous to think that interesting old places like Astonbury are not safe even when placed in the hands of competent architects, since their educated taste and experienced advice may be cast aside in favour of that uninformed experimentalism which I deprecated in the article?—H. A. TIPPING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the architect referred to in the letter signed "M." in your issue of the 9th inst., I should like to draw attention to the inaccurate statement that the architect had the first and last word in the restoration and other work carried out at this house. The architects are not responsible for the piecing and oiling of the staircases, the removal of the decoration of the East staircase or the ornamental walls of the forecourt.—W. A. FORSYTH.

INDIGENOUS *vs.* EXOTIC SPECIES OF FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to Mr. George P. Bosanquet's letter *re* the pollan in your issue of the 26th ult., I am afraid I have but little information to give him. The Reports on the Sea and Inland Fisheries of Ireland for 1907 and 1908 say that the pollan fisheries of Lough Neagh for 1907 were thought to be less productive than in the previous year, and that in 1908 very little improvement was shown, but that more large fish were captured; that these latter fetched very high prices in the English markets, in some cases tenpence per pound; and that the greater portion of the cuthes were sent to England, not more than one-fifth being consumed locally. There were in 1908 eighty-seven licences issued for pollan trammel nets and one hundred and thirty-two licences for draft nets, producing a total duty of two hundred and eighty-five pounds. About nine hundred persons were employed and dependent on the industry around Lough Neagh. In the Reports I see no information as to the pollan of the Shannon lakes; but Mr. C. Tate Regan, writing in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for December, 1908, says that "The fish is now scarce, but Mr. E. W. L. Holt writes me that it was plentiful in Lough Ree previous to the drainage of the Shannon in 1845-6." As to the pollan of Lough Erne I see no information; the special fishing for them commenced in 1907 and about six men only were engaged in it. In Lough Erne there are, in addition to pollan, salmon, trout, pike, perch, bream, rudd, sticklebacks and eels; there may be other species, but if so I have not met with them. I have not fished Lough Neagh or the Shannon lakes, but possibly the above fish occur in them. As far as I know there is no artificial propagation of the pollan in Ireland. Perhaps a correspondent with knowledge of the pollan lakes will supplement the above.—HERBERT TREVELYAN.

INEXPENSIVE DRAINING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the illustrations and particulars of the horse-power mole-plough which were given on page 540. Some ten or twelve years ago I saw one working in North-East Essex that was an improvement on the one illustrated, and which, so far as I can remember, only needed two horses to work it. The plough was drawn by means of a steel rope and windlass, the ropes being traced to a long pole fixed to the windlass. Travelling in a circle, the horses gradually wound up the steel rope on a large circular drum, similar to that employed on steam-engines which are used for agricultural purposes. The windlass was fixed in one corner of the field to be drained, a large pulley-wheel that could be easily moved being fixed flatly on the headland of the field and opposite to where the drain was to be made. This did away with the necessity for moving the windlass, which was a rather cumbersome object. Furrows were first drawn out by an ordinary plough where the drain was to be made, and this enabled the mole to go deeper. If I remember rightly, these mole-drains were made about six yards apart and eighteen inches deep. After the field had been mole-ploughed, a drain was cut along the headland at the lowest end of the field, and all the mole-drains led into it. I have no idea of the cost of the operation, but the above particulars may, perhaps, be of interest.—F. W. H.

WEST COAST OYSTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your paper has a paragraph about the oysters that can be got from the West Coast of Ireland. Long may the industry flourish! But you name one item that is fatal to good oysters—the very common error as to the oyster requiring oatmeal feeding, as is so largely done in London. This is apt to make the oyster sick, and even die. We in the Highlands have oysters in many places; but it pays us well to deal with the English Pure Oyster Company. You prepay, and get them in small parcels. Medical men are on the syndicate, and I may say it is the rarest thing to get any oysters from the company not thoroughly fresh. This is not to belittle the Irish industry, but against the needless oatmeal theory.—ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

EDIBLE EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see a note in your admirable paper referring to the early date at which plover's eggs are found and despatched to the King this year. You therein make some comments on the flavour of gannets' and other sea-birds' eggs, and on those of rooks, which, as you say, are often sold as plover's eggs, the shell being rather similar in colour and marking, though the white is not as transparent nor the flavour nearly as good. My purpose in writing to you is to draw your attention to the excellence, on table, of the eggs of certain of our wild birds, which are entirely unappreciated by most people. The two species to which I would especially refer are the wood-pigeon and the moorhen. The eggs of the latter are the better of the two. It is a small bird, but lays a very large egg in proportion to its size, and it lays a great many eggs, and if they are taken from the nest judiciously, with one or two always left in it, will go on laying far in excess of the usual large number. This bird's eggs I consider to be the best, next to the plover's, of any of our wild birds. The wood-pigeon's eggs are not quite as good, but they are very palatable, preferable to the eggs of the common hen. Unfortunately they are small, and the bird lays only two at a time; but there is the added satisfaction about eating the wood-pigeon's eggs that in doing so you are doing a good turn to the farmer by destroying a potential life which would have been very injurious to his interests, for there is not a more destructive bird in the country than the wood-pigeon. If it were more generally known how edible their eggs are, there would, I think, be a raid on them, both here and in the Continental forests whence so many come over to our islands in the winter,

that might diminish their numbers appreciably. Of course, the trouble is that they are apt to nest in the woods where there are nesting pheasants and other game which is better left undisturbed. The moorhen's character is not quite as bad as that of the wood-pigeon; but he has been falling a good deal into disgrace lately, owing to his various misdeeds of eating pheasants' food, trout spawn and garden produce. We need have no tender feelings about taking his eggs, the more so that he is very well able to take care of himself, and his numbers are distinctly on the increase.—WEST KENT.

HUNTING IN DEVONSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just seen in *COUNTRY LIFE* a query from your correspondent "Ireland" as to hunting in Cornwall and your editorial remarks on the subject. I do not disagree with your remarks; but may I point out that when speaking of hunting in Cornwall it may be well to remember Devonshire, or, at any rate, the South of Devon. We have in South Devon the Dartmoor Foxhounds (Master, Mr. William Coryton) and the South Devon Foxhounds (Master, Mr. H. F. Brunskill), and both these packs give excellent sport over moorlands and in-country. Anyone wishing to settle down in a hunting district can do so betwixt the two Hunts, and thereby obtain good sport with each pack. If "Ireland" would communicate with me I could give him more particulars of the districts.—C. S. HOLDITCH.

DISAPPEARING BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I am much interested in the account of wild birds in *COUNTRY LIFE*, I write to tell you that when I was a boy a great many Cornish choughs used to nest in the rocks overhanging the sea in this neighbourhood. I have not seen or heard of any for many years. I believe the last I saw were at Friog, near Barmouth, fifty years ago; I believe that there are none there now. My father used to have a tame one in his garden. The last he had was a most regular attendant at church. At last he would hide on a Saturday, so that he could not be caught to prevent his attending the service. On Sunday last I saw four wild swans on a lake near my church, and on making enquiries I was told that they had been there for six weeks. Probably we are in for some snow, as the weather is, and has been for some time, intensely cold. I have never seen wild swans remain in this country later than the end of January or the beginning of February.—OWEN LL. WILLIAMS, Anglesey.

COMPARISON OF WILD BIRDS' SINGING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In response to your correspondent's request for notes on the singing of wild birds, permit me to add my quota. In the first place, I must enter a protest against comparison or competition. To apply Olympian conditions and tests is transgressing the scheme of Nature, for there are no two things quite alike in fish, flesh, fowl or vegetable; and the strong individuality and bold independence of wild birds in habits, food and dress are a constant example and reprimand to us mortals. With such conditions how is it possible to classify? Why, you could not get two species in a class, they have such a distinct style, tone and delivery. It may be possible to divide their song into, say, four sections—compass, variation, duration and force. Under all heads, nightingale is an easy first and skylark a close second; then follow, I should think, blackbird and thrush. For quality nightingale has no rival, except in the early spring some accidental notes of, I should think, young blackbird and thrush. Although these birds are accorded the palm, we must not forget the many other songsters, all equally delightful in their own style. Listen to the energy of starlings, and only second in force, and if weight be considered, far in front of all, is that small but impressive personality the wren. I feel it an injustice to pass by linnet, goldfinch and chaffinch; in fact, one can "be happy with either when t'other dear charmer's away." One other qualification should be considered, and that is the length of time they are singing, and also whether the test is to be confined to residents. Nightingales give us only six or eight weeks, and come in limited numbers to isolated places, while the skylark is a native and gives us as many months of song, and that out in the open and high up so that everyone can enjoy him; therefore he has a very strong claim as the best all-round songster. I have a pair of larks in an aviary where they breed, so see them intimately, and have discovered a small, soft lullaby which the male warbles to his lady as she squats low, with the accompaniment of a soft fanning with one wing, which I must give the first place of all songs for pathos and music, and never word can express the exquisite rampart poem of melody that pours forth when the first nestling is hatched.—J. H. JESSOP.

BEET IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Adverting to your notes on the cultivation of sugar beet, I have under observation some sample roots produced by Mr. John Woolston, J.P., of Stamford, who is one of the pioneers in Lincolnshire in the growth of sugar beet. Experiments extending over a number of years have been made by Mr. Woolston, and these have proved conclusively that it is possible to produce roots in this country superior to those raised upon German soil. The yield on Mr. Woolston's farm averages from eighteen to twenty tons per acre. The roots have been certified to be excellent for manufacturing purposes, the weight double that of German roots, while the saccharine contents and quotient of purity are highly satisfactory. Several attempts have been made to establish a sugar beet factory in Lincolnshire, and there is every prospect of a start being made at Sleaford as soon as the necessary capital has been raised.—HENRY WALKER.

CLAY PIPES OF PRE-TOBACCO TIMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Two interesting clay pipes are preserved in Ripon Minster. These were found in the course of restoration work, and from the position they were discovered in, are believed to be about five hundred and fifty years old. Although they cannot have been intended for tobacco, their appearance is very similar to the clay pipes of Elizabethan times. The exact

purpose for which pipes were used so long ago is largely a matter of conjecture, but it is believed that both columbine and coltsfoot were occasionally smoked in the same way as tobacco, probably because the smoke was supposed to possess medicinal virtues. The conventional shape of the pipes is of interest, as it appears to show that the form adopted was not a copy of an American shape, but that pipes for smoking tobacco were simply copied from the early English medicinal pipes, which had already been in occasional use for a long time. These ancient pipes seem to be made of ordinary pipeclay, and are shaped like rough churchwardens with short stems. The bowls, too, are of just about the same capacity as those of present day clay pipes.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

SPANIELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a team of tri-coloured springer spaniels bred by myself, and at present being used in India by Captain Gerard Burton of the 39th Garhwal Rifles, Lansdowne.—H. P. GREENE.

A MAGPIE'S BEHAVIOUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—A year ago I described in your columns the eccentric behaviour of a magpie in Kensington Gardens. On Sunday last I saw this magpie again in the big elms close to Hyde Park Gate. Last year it seemed to find delight in worrying the jackdaws which nest in these trees. Now it appears to have become a general disturber of the peace. Whenever a starling settled in the same tree the magpie would attack it viciously, often following it up for some distance. Once this aggressive bird flew into a tree where two wood-pigeons were perched, and they took precipitately to flight. The magpie eventually flew across the road and settled on a house opposite, where I saw it strutting jauntily backwards and forwards outside one of the windows. I noticed last year that this magpie imitated the jackdaws' cries. This happened again on Sunday. The bird's mimicry was so perfect that it was difficult to believe, until I had watched it uttering the sounds, that they did not actually proceed from a jackdaw. The magpie, of course, is well known to be an accomplished mimic, but so, too, are other birds, notably the song-thrush, and in a lesser degree, perhaps, the blackbird. Already this spring I have heard song-thrushes imitate the cries of lapwing and redshank. Last summer I heard song-thrushes mimic, at different times, the wren's call, the call of the partridge, the clucking of a hen and the song of the great tit; and once a song-thrush exactly reproduced the loud "hoik-hoik" of the nightjar. The blackbird, which I have heard copy the "yaffle's" cry, is in his turn mimicked by both blackcap and garden-warbler. In these rambling notes I have not referred to the starling's powers of mimicry, which are so well known as to be almost a commonplace.—J. R. H.

BIRD NOTES FROM SUSSEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—On March 7th I had the great pleasure of watching at close quarters for nearly half-an-hour a fine specimen of the rough-legged buzzard. This was on a certain reach of the South Downs, where, I had been told, a buzzard of some sort had been observed for the last two months. I clearly identified it as a "rough-legged," not only by reason of the basal half of the tail being white, but also because, when the great fellow dropped one of his legs limply—as birds of prey often will—

very confiding, and at one time was hanging only some forty or fifty yards directly above me. Except that he was a bit bigger, his flight and general bearing strongly resembled those of the so-called common buzzard; yet he seemed—as all the rough-legged buzzards I have seen—of a cleaner



A TEAM OF SPANIELS.

build and not quite so lumbering. A buzzard is nearly always clumsy unless, in spirals, it is seen climbing the heavens. Then few birds can vie with it in grace. In spite of the mild winter and the gorgeous weather of the past fortnight, long-eared owls (a common bird in Sussex) seem backward. On March 13th I visited several known haunts and only put one owl off a nest, which held nothing, although nearly all should now be sitting. But in nearly all the haunts I saw one or both birds sitting up in the fir trees. Visiting another resort the next day, I put an owl off a crow's old nest, in which she had deposited one egg. And beside the egg lay two short-tailed field-voles, one being half eaten—the head half, as is almost invariable. This special owl behaved rather curiously. Instead of flying straight off the nest, as is usual, after I had struck the tree with a stick, she merely jumped from the nest on to an adjacent bough and stood looking down at me. After a minute's scrutiny, she flew about fifty yards and settled in a beech, where, some twigs catching in her ample wings, she sat for a time with wings outspread, one each side of the body. Off the coast, on March 15th, I noticed a good many red-throated divers—common visitors to the Channel from every autumn to spring. It has been asserted that divers never utter their weird, not to say ghastly, shrieks except at their breeding haunts, these being (in Britain) Scotland, though a pair or so may yet survive in Ireland. Moreover, the birds are credited with being mainly nocturnal musicians! Here in Sussex, however, red-throated divers are always vociferous in the early spring, and never more so than they were on the 15th, at all hours of the day. Their screams are extraordinary. One more note. On the 16th I was sitting in a downland plantation, when suddenly a blackbird, hotly pressed by a sparrow-hawk, dashed past me so closely that, had I been quick enough, my stick would have reached them. And the same day a kestrel, evidently not seeing me leaning against a tree (my kit is suited to country-side environments), settled on a bough of another tree not twenty yards away. The first wheatear of the season I saw, too, on the 16th. I was glad to see him—it was a male, of course; the males always precede the females—as he was glad, no doubt, to be back in England.—JOHN WALPOLE BOND.

LOCH FYNE ICE IN THE GREAT FROST OF 1910.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is by a German resident here, Herr Gudsmann. The photograph was taken at the break up of the great frost. The ice was seven inches thick all over the loch, over two miles across an arm of the sea over seventy miles long.—ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

BLIGHT IN POTATOES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—At this season of the year, "potato-setting-time" as some have it, I wonder if the following recipe is worth any attention: "A cure for blight in potatoes. Cut potatoes in two, put them in strong salt water, add some blue stone to the water, let them lie in it one night, then lay them to dry two or three days before you plant them." This has been put before me by a lady who takes an interest in the various correspondence week by week in COUNTRY LIFE. The recipe is from an almanack dated 1600, and was reprinted some fifty years ago in "The Best Method of Doing Common Things," published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. I might add that sixty years ago my father had all his potato sets cut up and soaked in a solution, of which salt was one of the ingredients, after which they were put in bags and well dried in the sun before planting.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE



A FROZEN LOCH.

I distinctly saw through my glasses that the leg was feathered all the way down. He was very tame; he was on the look-out for rabbits in a brake of thorns and gorse, and he kept alternately wheeling with characteristic buzzard flight and soaring head to wind on seemingly motionless wings. He was